Mrs M B Smith

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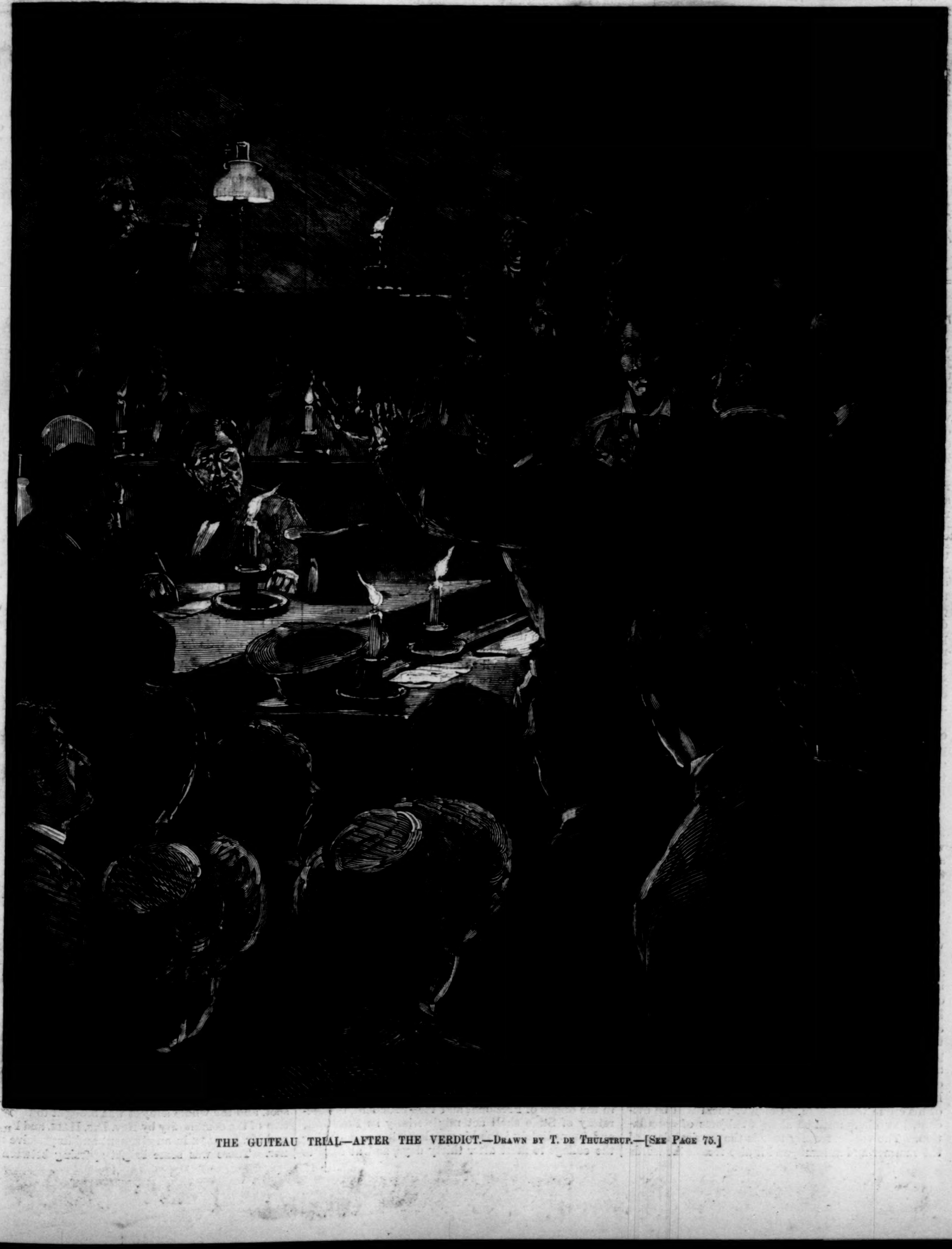

THE GUITEAU TRIAL—AFTER THE VERDICT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 75.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1882.

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GUITEAU.

THE verdict in the case of GUITEAU was more prompt than had been expected. The verdict was known, indeed, before it was known that the jury had retired. It brought to a sudden end one of the most painful trials upon record; a trial of the utmost importance and interest to this country, and which naturally attracted universal attention, yet which was conducted without dignity or decorum or even decency. This was due almost wholly to GUITEAU himself, but it was aggravated by the manner in which the counsel for the government permitted themselves to be irritated and exasperated by his outrageous behavior. It was indeed an extraordinary spectacle. The gibes and taunts and insults and furious ejaculations and interruptions of the prisoner, addressed to counsel and witnesses and spectators; the hopeless efforts of Mr. SCOVILLE, consciously unequal to the task imposed upon him, his lecture to raise money during the trial, and the growing ungovernable bitterness of his treatment of the prosecution as the trial proceeded; the pathetic fidelity to her brother of the silent, weeping wife of Mr. SCOVILLE; the angry demand of the press that the wild recklessness of the prisoner's conduct should be restrained; the fierce torrent of vituperation poured upon him by the prosecuting counsel; the eager congratulations, and even rejoicing with music, with which the verdict was received—all combine to make one of the most painful and remarkable events in the annals of criminal trial.

There is no doubt that the verdict satisfies the general expectation and desire. Indeed, some newspapers declared to the jury that public opinion demanded conviction. But the presiding judge very properly told the jury that newspaper comment was to be totally disregarded, and there is no reason to suppose that any newspapers were seen or heeded by them. The verdict expresses the unhesitating conclusion of twelve men after hearing and seeing everything that was said and done during the trial, and it expresses also the general conviction of the country, which is that however unbalanced GUITEAU may be, there has been no evidence presented to show that he was irresponsible, as an insane man or a somnambulist might be, when he shot President GARFIELD. It was a terrible crime, and its expiation will be a warning which will be certainly heeded.

The circumstances of the trial were apparently unavoidable. The gusts of rage, the sneering insults, and indecencies of the prisoner could not be punished as contempt of court without gagging him or removing him. Either course would have opened to him a cause of appeal, and the judge evidently thought it the wisest course to endure everything, that no whisper of constraint of the prisoner could be raised under any pretext whatever. If the scene was unprecedented, it was because GUITEAU'S conduct was unparalleled. But when he has disappeared, the consequences of his crime will remain. Some of them will be evident, but others must be always subjects of speculation. The verdict freshly recalls the tragical days of the summer and autumn, and it also recalls the words with which the murdered President's successor entered upon his great trust—words by which the Administration will be strictly measured.

THE SPUYTEN DUYVIL MASSACRE.

THE inquest into the circumstances of the slaughter at Spuyten Duyvil ended in a verdict against the railroad company and its employés as decisive as that against GUITEAU. The facts have been evident from the moment of the collision. It was an utterly careless and inexcusable destruction of human life. Such a catastrophe under the circumstances should have been impossible. The first incident, the stoppage of the train, is shown, as was supposed at the time, to have been due to the improper application of the air-brakes. Within an hour after the crash it was stated upon the train that the air-brakes had been tampered with by passengers, and that there was too much liquor upon the train. At the same time the cord was pointed out which ran through the cars, accessible, like the bell cord, to every passenger. The implication of the remark was that some intoxicated passenger had stopped the train. The conductor, who was evidently very much affected in giving his testimony by his recollection of the ghastly scene, said with deep feeling that there were a great many public official persons upon the train returning from Albany, and that there was much drinking and carousing. This has been denied by some of the official persons. But it is notorious that upon that particular train on Friday during the session there is always a crowd of legislators and others, and that there is a great deal of drinking and noise; and upon the ill-fated train of the 13th of January, however vehemently it may be denied, there was, to our knowledge, the usual drinking and carousing.

Whether any of the revellers pulled the cord of the brake, and so stopped the train, can be known only to a very few, and it is something that the public will probably never know. What is known is—and the jury have so declared—that the Hudson River Railroad Company is responsible for neglect which resulted in loss of life, and that there was no proper system of precaution to protect human life at the most dangerous part of the road. The jury also found that the brakeman, the conductor, and the engineers of both trains were all guilty of the loss of life caused by the accident, and they sharply censure the company for carelessly selecting their employés. The jury was composed of engineers and experts, and was an unusually intelligent body of men. Their verdict is a grave arraignment of the Hudson River Railroad Company as recreant to the great public trust of conveying passengers safely. It is a verdict which will be most cordially approved by those who were witnesses of the catastrophe, and who know that it was wholly without reason or excuse.

It remains for the Legislature to require of this company, and of all others, a system of scrupulous care in transporting passengers, and to provide a supervision with authority to enforce the regulations of law. Every railroad should be divided into proper sections, and no train should be permitted to enter upon any section without notice that it is clear. This notice may be given by block signals, or by telegraph, or by both; but, however given, the notice should be made imperative. Accidents from defective metal and from unavoidable causes must of course be expected. But a cruel and needless massacre such as that at Spuyten Duyvil should not be tolerated by a civilized State. The coroner's jury have done their duty, and it remains for the courts and the Legislature to do theirs.

WANTED—PROMPT LEGISLATION.

As there is no Presidential election for three years, there is both the hope and the probability that there may be some useful Congressional legislation this winter. Such questions as the relief of the Supreme Court, the succession to the Presidency, and the Congressional determination of the Presidential election are all subjects upon which it is universally agreed that legislation is necessary, and various propositions have been made upon all of them. The pressure upon the Supreme Court is enormous, and it will be constantly greater. The Constitution creates "one Supreme Court," which consists of all the judges. If the duties of the court should be divided in any way which requires the absence of any of the justices, or their delegation, during the sitting of the court, to other duties than hearing causes, could those who sit under such circumstances properly be held to be the court? This seems to be the objection to the various plans of relief which have been thus far suggested. No authority upon the subject could be weightier than that of the court itself, and its opinion will be undoubtedly sought before any decision is reached.

For the Presidential succession, Mr. MCCOID'S bill provides for continuing the Electoral College during the Presidential term, and that in case of a vacancy in the offices of President and Vice-President, the Secretary of State shall act ministerially as President, and immediately issue his proclamation summoning the college to meet after thirty days, and at once to elect a President and Vice-President for the unexpired term. The votes are to be counted, if Congress is in session when the election occurs, on the eighth Tuesday after the electors meet and vote; if Congress is not in session, the votes are to be counted on the second Tuesday after it assembles. This would enable the vacancies to be filled within three months, and the candidates might be designated by party conventions, as now. Mr. MCCOID holds that his plan conforms in every way to settled constitutional usages, and makes no change which has not been demonstrated to be necessary. The result of the election, however, as now, might be doubtful, and his bill does not assume to provide for a determination of disputes.

This is the third subject upon which we may justly hope for legislation, and for this no better provision has been proposed than the admirable bill of Mr. EDMUNDS, which has been approved substantially by leading men of both parties. This bill throws upon the States the responsibility of deciding disputes, and refuses to make Congress a returning board to elect a President. This question has been amply and thoroughly discussed, and no measure has been more carefully matured than that of Mr. EDMUNDS. The subject itself is of vital importance, and there is no reason whatever that Congress should refuse to act upon it at this session. If the rules of procedure are such that members who wish to forward the public business and attend to important questions are prevented from taking effective action upon these and similar measures, it will be necessary to consider plainly how far the methods of procedure interfere with the express purpose of Congress itself. When a Representative must devote half of his term merely to comprehending the method of transacting business, the time has come for a peremptory simplification of that method. It would be certainly very pleasant to see Congress justifying its existence by timely and judicious legislation upon subjects universally agreed to be of paramount importance.

OUR SOUTH AMERICAN RELATIONS.

THE revocation by Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN of the instruction of Secretary BLAINE to Mr. TRESCOTT is very significant, and it will be heartily approved. The policy of Mr. BLAINE was one that might easily have entangled the country in South American quarrels, and could have been justified only by arguments that would have authorized a general interference in foreign disputes. It was Jingoism in a dangerous form.

The tone of Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN'S dispatch is thoroughly American and satisfactory. The United States is a pacific power, and the attempt to establish a "bumptious" dictatorship of the continent would be properly resented by the best opinion of the country, as it would be disregarded by foreign powers.

We quote the more important passages of Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN'S dispatch:

> "The President wishes in no manner to dictate or make any authoritative utterance to either Peru or Chili as to the merits of the controversy existing between those republics, as to what indemnity should be asked or given, as to a change of boundaries, or as to the *personnel* of the government of Peru. The President recognizes Peru and Chili to be independent republics, to which he has no right or inclination to dictate. Were the United States to assume an attitude of dictation toward the South American republics, even for the purpose of preventing war, the greatest of evils, or to preserve the autonomy of nations, it must be prepared by army and navy to enforce its mandate, and to this end tax our people for the exclusive benefit of foreign nations."

The Secretary revokes the instructions of Mr. BLAINE to Mr. TRESCOTT which contemplated a break with Chili in a specified contingency, and which authorized a round of admonitory visits to the other republics. He adds:

> "The United States is at peace with all the nations of the earth, and the President wishes hereafter to determine whether it will conduce to that general peace, which he would cherish and promote, for this government to enter into negotiations and consultation for the promotion of peace with selected friendly nationalities without extending a like confidence to other peoples with whom the United States is on equally friendly terms. If such partial confidence would create jealousy and ill-will, peace, the object sought by consultation, would not be promoted. The principles controlling the relations of the republics of this hemisphere with other nationalities may, on investigation, be found to be so well established that little would be gained at this time by re-opening a subject which is not novel. The President, at all events, prefers time for deliberation."

The policy of the government in the South American matter is thus properly and wholly changed. For a tone of arrogant dictation is substituted that of friendly counsel, and the general uneasiness which the previous conduct of the question had produced is happily allayed by the wise course of the Administration.

FREE READING FOR EVERYBODY.

THE meeting to secure the extension of the work of the Free Circulating Library by raising a fund to establish free local libraries throughout the city, under the general direction of the existing society, was very largely attended, and it was animated by the most promising spirit. Generous gifts were made upon the spot, and the whole subject was brought to the attention of the community by Rev. Drs. HALL and POTTER and Mr. CHOATE in an eloquent and impressive manner. There was some bright sparring between Dr.

POTTER and Mr. CHOATE upon the relative value of sermons and books, of church-going and library reading, but it had the pleasant result of eliciting the fact that there are free libraries in some of the churches, and that the delivery of books during a part of Sunday would not appall most excellent and orthodox clergymen. Dr. HALL, in the course of some very interesting remarks, spoke of fiction, which is so large an element in every popular library, and in such universal demand by readers, and he said, acutely, what is so often forgotten, that the fiction against which the authority of "the fathers" is cited was the gross story of an earlier day, and not the pure and refined strain which came in with Sir WALTER SCOTT.

The purpose of the Free Circulating Library Association is not to spend money in stone and decoration, but to bring good books home to everybody by providing local libraries in every quarter of the city. As Dr. POTTER said, wherever there is a station-house there should be a free library as a corrective, and Mr. CHOATE hoped to see in every ward a library of the best books of the best authors open free to all honest readers of every age. Such libraries should be open on Sundays, not to take the place of churches, as they do not take the place of schools on week-days, but to be supplementary both to the church and to the school. Mr. CHOATE called attention to the fact that Mr. PETER COOPER is the only rich New-Yorker who has provided a free public reading-room upon a great scale, and Dr. POTTER read a letter from Mr. BENJAMIN H. FIELD, who is zealous in every good work, stating that Mrs. FIELD contributed $5000 to the fund of the Circulating Library.

Hardly had Mr. CHOATE asked the question what rich New-Yorker will establish this wise and beneficent public work by an ample endowment, when the telegraph announced that Mr. ENOCH PRATT, "one of the solid business men" of Baltimore, has proposed to the authorities of that city to establish and endow a free circulating library at a cost of more than $1,000,000, provided that the city will grant an annuity of $50,000 forever for the support of the library and its branches. Mr. PRATT proposes to erect a fire-proof building to hold 200,000 volumes. This will cost about $225,000, and he will transfer it to the city, with the additional sum of $833,000, on the condition mentioned. We should think that such an endowment would be ample without the aid of the city. But the gift is among those beneficences which are characteristic of rich Americans. In the existing Free Library Association of New York such an American would find an organization already completed for a similar gift.

PRACTICAL VIEWS OF REFORM.

MR. JOHN T. WAIT, Representative in Congress from the Third District of Connecticut, in response to a request from the Willimantic Civil Service Reform Association to know his views upon the PENDLETON bill as a practical measure of reform, replies that he unhesitatingly approves of the principles advocated by the association, and that competitive examinations probably present the most effective method of determining the selection of persons to be appointed to the minor civil service, provided that the matter is finally decided, not by the correct answers to questions, but by honesty, efficiency, and peculiar fitness.

This is precisely what the reformed system does. It breaks up mere political pressure and personal solicitation and coercion by a fair competition in a simple examination, and then it makes the appointment only upon practical proof of honesty, efficiency, and peculiar fitness. The operation of the examination in setting aside mere personal favor was well illustrated during the late examination at the Custom-house. On one of the days three applicants withdrew within an hour, because they were unable to answer the simplest written questions upon subjects of which such elementary knowledge is essential to the proper discharge of the duties required. These men might have had the strongest political backing, and have wasted days and weeks of the Collector's time by themselves and their friends, but the examination disposed of the three applicants in an hour by revealing their absolute incompetency. Yet had the three applicants answered every question nimbly and satisfactorily, they would not have been appointed until they had proved by actual discharge of the duty that they were properly fitted for the place they sought. An applicant is not appointed to be an inspector because he answers a question, but because he shows himself to be competent to perform the duty of an inspector.

The report of the operations of the Revenue Marine Service for the last year states that this is now the method of admission to the grade of cadet as well as of third lieutenant. Personal influence is excluded, and markings and ratings are made in the same way as at the Custom-house and Post-office in New York. The remarks of the chief of division, E. W. CLARK, upon this subject, are significant as those of the head of a very important branch of the service:

"As stated on a former page, under this method each person securing advancement or position is required to rely upon his own merits for preferment, and that he must himself demonstrate his fitness for the place which he seeks; that undue advantage will not be given to rival candidates through the influence of powerful personal or political friends; that the position is to be tendered only to those best qualified for the service, not as a reward for political services rendered, or as the price of personal or political services to be rendered.

"Under the ordinary system of selection, in which candidates were subjected to a test examination merely, while the standard of qualification was fixed at a lower rate than in the competitive examination, it was seldom that a candidate, however poorly he might pass, was willing to abide the result, if rejected. He depended rather upon the same influence which secured his nomination to obtain the waiving of any defects which might appear in his examination, and the nullification of any rule barring his appointment. Should this influence fail in placing him, however undeserving, in the public service, the appointing power was bitterly condemned, and the service in which he sought a place unjustly criticised by himself and friends.

"The competitive system, by opening the door to all who bring evidence of moral fitness, and by setting up the standard of superior excellence as the only criterion of admission, shuts out all criticism and complaint. The spirit of fair play inherent in most minds evokes from the unsuccessful as well as the successful candidates commendation of a system which gives to all an equal chance. The competitive examination being recognized by all as the only test for admission, those who fail cheerfully acquiesce in the result, doubtless feeling that they could not consistently appeal from the record made by themselves. Thus the applicants are satisfied, and the appointing power is relieved from all personal and political pressure."

WHAT A FARMER SAYS OF FARMERS.

A WESTERN farmer writes a keen and excellent paper upon the "Farmer's Conscience," for the *Unity*, a religious journal published in Chicago. He begins with an emphatic admission that every farmer is not altogether honest, as follows:

"It is a lamentable fact—and with all humility I, as a farmer, acknowledge it—we, as a class, are not as honest as we should be. I do not mean that more liars, murderers, and thieves are found among farmers than in other walks of society, but I do mean just what I say—that with perhaps a few notable exceptions in every neighborhood, dishonesty is stamped on the transactions of most of us in every-day life. We cheat in a score of ways known only to the expert farmer. If we sell a cow, it is always the poorest one, and the facts of her poverty are suppressed. If we sell fat cattle or hogs, we water and feed them just before entering town, so that they will weigh well. This against the express condition that they must be five hours off feed before weighing. If we take our hogs to market in wagons, we try to be weighed in, and paid for as so much live hog. If we are dairymen, and set the milk in deep cans, we stir it too long, for we have found that this causes the gauge to show a thicker cream; or, to accomplish the same thing, we add a little new milk, and stir it into the cream just before the skimmer comes around. At the great National Dairy Fair, at Cedar Rapids, representatives from twenty-three States were occupied a half a day in discussing the 'shortage' in cream; and it was unanimously assented to that most of the farmers need watching, while many openly said that nine-tenths of them were downright dishonest."

After this frank freeing of his mind, our author proceeds to show the other side of his subject, and does ample justice to farming and farmers.

THE "ACCOMMODATING" POSTMASTER.

THOSE who think that it would be wise to elect postmasters argue that it would make them "accommodating." The ways of an "accommodating" postmaster are stated by a rural postmaster at the West as follows. They are worth pondering by those who would make such an officer mainly intent upon "propitiating" the voters.

"I have passed the best years of my life in the postal service, and am qualified, at least by experience, to speak. The 'accommodating postmaster' lays his copy of postal laws upon the shelf, and the dust and cobwebs gather upon it. He keeps stamp accounts with his patrons, in violation of postal law (and is unable to collect some of them). He gives out underpaid matter, in violation of his oath, without first collecting the postage due. He sends out newspapers mailed at his office with one or two cents unpaid, when the law requires him to hold such matter for full postage. He also passes underpaid merchandise under the same law. He omits to rate up underpaid letters both sent out and received at his office. He takes individual checks, instead of cash, from purchasers of money orders. He credits his publishers, mailing their papers at his office frequently until the end of the month, instead of collecting postage for each mail. He credits some of his box-renters until the end of or past the quarter, instead of closing their boxes in ten days from the beginning of the year. After tying up and carefully closing his mail, he opens it and pitches in loose letters upon the application of tardy but influential friends or patrons. He recommends to the department the opening of new mail routes, or the increase of service upon other routes, simply because certain influential persons insist upon frequent mails for their exclusive benefit. He delivers drop packages and even letters through his office without postage, because he is merely asked to 'please hand this to Mr. So-and-so when he calls for his mail,' or 'please put this note into Mr. So-and-so's box, as it is very important he should receive it to-day.' All this and many other things because he may fear to be called 'unaccommodating.'"

PERSONAL.

JUDGE HOAR recently said of RICHARD HENRY DANA: "I think if he had been born thirty or forty miles inland, and instead of being—I say it with all respect—an adherent of the Church of England, had been the son of a Congregationalist deacon, he would have been the foremost man in Massachusetts."

—Mr. FRANKLIN B. GOWEN, who has had so much to do with the Reading Railroad Company, is of Irish parentage, and is forty-six years old. He began to earn his living in a store in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and before he was twenty-one had charge of a furnace in Shamokin, Pennsylvania. Afterward he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1860. In less than three years he was district attorney of his county, and afterward he became counsel of the Reading company.

—Hon. GEORGE P. MARSH has just entered upon his twenty-first year of consecutive service as United States Minister to Rome. He is the oldest diplomatic representative in the service of the United States, both in years and in time of service.

—Mr. GEORGE WALKER, United States Consul at Paris, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. His son, Mr. PHILIP WALKER, has received the grade of Chevalier for his services as secretary of the American branch of the Electrical Commission, and is the youngest man but one who ever received that honor.

—Senator ANTHONY, when in Providence, lives in a perfectly plain wooden house, such as might belong to any well-to-do provincial printer. Inside, however, is much bric-à-brac and many rare paintings. Once a year he goes up to his native village of Anthony, and delivers a lecture to the people thereof.

—The friends of the late Mr. DELANO A. GODDARD, who for the last fourteen years had edited with signal ability the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, are engaged in raising a testimonial in money to be presented to his widow. Already $10,000 has been subscribed, and there is good reason to believe that $10,000 more will be realized without difficulty. Mr. GODDARD was one of the foremost men in the journalism of New England—able, scholarly, industrious, and with peculiar aptitude for his profession. Mr. GODDARD is succeeded by Mr. EDWARD STANWOOD, who has for many years occupied a responsible position on the *Advertiser's* staff, and brings thorough training and ripe experience to the discharge of his new duties.

—Speaking of the late R. H. DANA, the London *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "He was one of the first American lawyers, and how much that means is beginning to be known to those who have witnessed the singularly brilliant career of Mr. BENJAMIN at our own bar."

—Professor HUXLEY, it is understood, will be offered the chair of Natural History in Edinburgh University, which he has already held as *locum tenens* for Sir W. THOMSON. The place is worth $10,000 a year, and necessitates a residence of about six months in the year at Edinburgh.

—Mrs. BARMORE, who died at Rockland Lake on the 20th January, at the great age of one hundred and three, was the mother of the late Mr. ALFRED BARMORE, for several years president of the Knickerbocker Ice Company. Her age was well authenticated.

—Colonel J. H. GENGE, in his recent memorial oration on DANIEL WEBSTER, in Concord, New Hampshire, said: "President PIERCE told me that on his first arrival in Washington as one of the youngest members of the Lower House of Congress, he found a letter from Mr. WEBSTER urging him to be a frequent guest at his house, and assuring him of the interest with which he should watch the career of the son of a Revolutionary patriot of his native State. The note closed with the delicate suggestion that when they met, all subjects would be in order but politics. In appreciation of this kindly act of WEBSTER toward a young man, it should be borne in mind that party feeling at the time was very bitter, and party lines sharply drawn. In relating this anecdote, General PIERCE said to me that it was a matter especially gratifying to him to remember that, whatever might be the political bitterness of the times, no disparaging remark respecting Mr. WEBSTER, or one impugning his patriotism, had ever escaped him."

—When Justice GRAY took his seat in the United States Supreme Court, a few days since, his stately figure in its new robe made him the observed of all observers. At the ceremony of bowing to his associates he is said to have "blushed like a girl."

—Mr. LESTER WALLACK, who is proverbial for kindly acts to his professional brethren, recently endowed a bed for the use of invalid actors in the Homœopathic Hospital in Brooklyn, out of the proceeds of one of his late engagements in that city.

—Mr. and Mrs. MORTON held their first reception in Paris some three weeks ago, and were honored by the attendance of several members of the cabinet and many of the most distinguished military, naval, civic, and literary notabilities of France. It was probably the greatest success of the kind ever given in Paris by a member of the diplomatic corps. The London *World*, alluding to it, says: "Mr. MORTON'S reception was such as no American envoy in London has ever held. Nearly the entire cabinet was there. There were official representatives of the President, generals, three editors, and mere authors and artists by the dozen."

—It has been mentioned as not improbable that Mr. CLARENCE A. SEWARD, of this city, may succeed Judge BLATCHFORD as Judge of the United States Circuit Court, in case Judge B. should be elevated to the Supreme Bench. Mr. SEWARD'S appointment would command universal approval.

—The Boston *Herald* says that Mr. JACKSON, the young American who has become the favorite friend of the King of Würtemberg, has ceased to be an American citizen, having sworn allegiance to his newly adopted country. He has lately been made a baron and Privy Councillor, and covered with decorations bestowed by the Austrian Emperor, by his royal friend, and by the King of Saxony. He is said to be modest and intelligent.

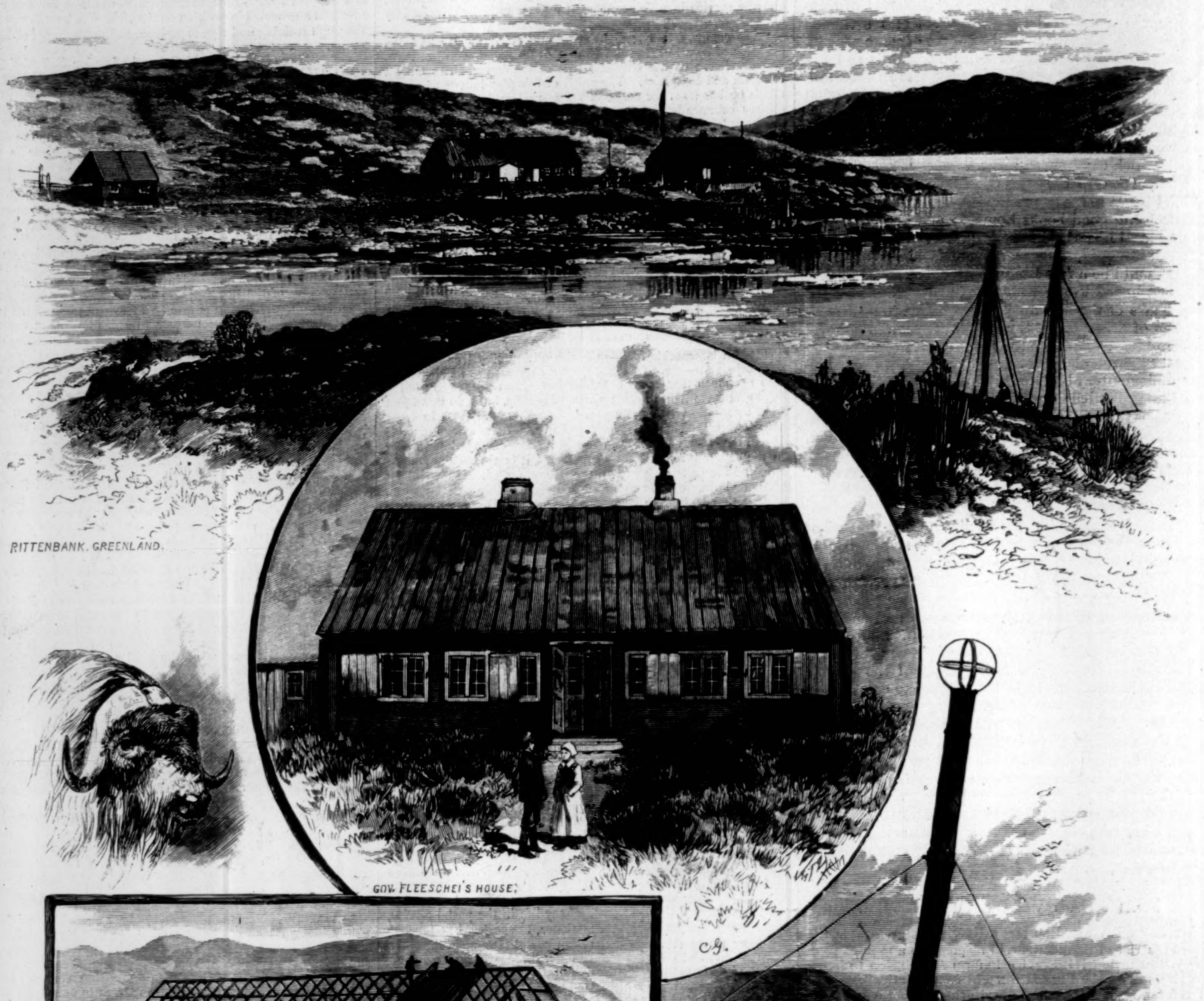
—LARKIN G. MEAD, the sculptor, has been elected to a professorship in the Academy of Fine Arts of Florence. He is the son of a lawyer in Brattleborough, Vermont. One of the best archæologists in England is a young New-Yorker named WALSTEIN, who lectures at Oxford. Another American, named COOLIDGE, educated for the most part in England, holds a chair of Greek in one of the Welsh universities.

—FRANCIS WISE, who died recently in Dublin, was the richest man in Ireland, leaving a fortune of over $15,000,000, which he made as a brewer. He had an investment of over £800,000 in the government funds, and a sum to his credit in the bank of £100,000. The interest of his English funded property would be £24,000 a year. Then his income from land and securities in land so far back as 1870 was estimated at £30,000 a year. His holdings in American securities, into which he bought in depressed times, were at least £200,000. He lived in an inexpensive manner, but was very generous to relatives and friends, and gave freely to religious and charitable institutions.

—ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, who has just completed his *History of the United States*, is reported to have said recently that after a careful estimate and comparison of the Presidential Administrations from WASHINGTON to GARFIELD, he believed that that of President HAYES "had been in every respect equal to any that had preceded it, and far superior to most of them."

—A prominent figure in London society has just died at a ripe old age—Lieutenant-General MACDONALD. He entered the army in 1829, and served with distinction in the Crimean war. On his return he was made private secretary to the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief. When he was a "young man about town" he was the intimate companion of Lord CHESTERFIELD, Count D'ORSAY, the late Duke of Beaufort, and other shining lights of West End society. At the fashionable clubs he was idolized. Charming manners, perfect temper, generous disposition, and thorough knowledge of the world combined to make him popular. So great a favorite was he at White's that he succeeded in fascinating Lord GLASGOW, a queer Scotch earl, remarkable for his eccentricity, who on his demise in 1869 bequeathed him a little nest-egg of $25,000. The late Lord BEACONSFIELD also appreciated his many social virtues, and enjoyed not a few delightful dinners at "JEMMY MACDONALD'S" lodge, on the banks of the Serpentine, in Hyde Park. This was his residence, at which, as deputy-ranger of the Park, he dispensed hospitality with a bounteous hand.

—The remarkable story of *Ben-Hur*, by General LEW WALLACE, United States Minister at Constantinople, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, has elicited high commendation wherever it has been read and criticised; but by none has it been more appreciatingly admired than by Bishop CHENEY, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, who, though a stranger to the author, says: "My experience is that when a writer of fiction attempts to invest the facts of the Gospel history in the mantle of romance, he is apt to shock and grate upon the reverence which every Christian feels for that supreme subject. I have read *Ben-Hur* with no such feeling, but, on the contrary, with the conviction that it is conceived and executed in a spirit of such profound reverence that no one can become interested in its perusal without its doing him good. I need not speak of its making real and life-like the circumstances of our epoch, and the careful study of Roman and Jewish archæology which it reveals. These other writers have succeeded in portraying. But in putting before the ordinary reader the details of the last days of the Saviour on earth, without lowering the character given Him in Scripture, is a task in which you have certainly made your story worthy of the facts which it weaves into its exceedingly interesting plot."



AN ARCTIC OUTPOST—THE GREELEY EXPEDITION IN DISCOVERY HARBOR, GREENLAND.—[See Page 71.]

THE VICTIM OF A PREJUDICE.

By Mrs. FRANK McCARTHY.

The other night, at the christening of my cousin's third baby, somebody asked this conundrum: "Why do our people resemble the Rothschilds?" "Because they prefer to marry in the family," was the happy reply. I didn't join in the laugh which followed, but there were plenty there that did. You might search the world over and not find a jollier, lighter-hearted community than ours; and the very business we follow gives us a superiority over the generality of our fellow-creatures. We can afford to snap our fingers at the grim array of melancholy superstitions and fancies that have been handed down from one weak generation to another. What other people avoid and tremble at, we make part and parcel of our existence; and though familiarity breeds no contempt, it certainly engenders a hardy philosophy, and makes us proof against weak misgivings and forebodings. We marry our cousins because they have been brought up to look upon the business as an heirloom; to foster, adorn, extend it; lend the resources of their minds to its neatness and success. When Cousin Sue was studying over her fluting invention, a more beautiful, rosy, fresh, dimpled, lively creature it would be hard to find; yet she spent the most of her time in the ware-rooms. She had to be there to study the effect. She didn't mind it; it was difficult to keep her away. And there was Aunt Cynthia; why, she'd take the greatest interest in any new style that was agreed upon, and come down herself in the early part of the day to criticise and give her opinion. It never seemed to interfere with her appetite, or digestion, or recreation. Of course these were in the family; and where I did foolishly was to fall in love *out* of the family. To confess the truth, I was so humored, and praised, and petted, and befooled, that none of my own people seemed good enough for me. I was decidedly a handsome boy, and of a style of comeliness that was just the thing for our line of trade. As long back as I can remember, the folks were always praising the clear pallor of my complexion, my large dark melancholy eyes, and a certain sympathetic expression that was in its way invaluable. I grew tall and shapely; my manner, of course, was modelled from those of our best and most successful people; my voice was naturally excellent, and the deep chest tones were cultivated to a rare degree of perfection. Never once dreaming of striking out a new path for myself, or questioning the wisdom of my forefathers in selecting their branch of trade, I, on the contrary, was proud of the partnership offered me by my father, and in a short time the big traffic known as Clay & Son, owed its greatest success to the son. At twenty-five I considered that Mortimer Clay was an extremely enviable young fellow, and in our circle had the world at his feet. Ah! had he been content to linger therein, these melancholy memoirs would never have been written, for I have jotted down this brief but bitter experience so that a fellow-mortal in a like position to mine may profit by it, and not venture beyond the safe and salutary precincts of the tried and trustworthy.

At twenty-five, as I said before, I had conquered my part of the world, and longed for a fresh field of endeavor. Some relations of ours had settled out in Colorado, and had long been anxious to see me on a visit that would combine business and pleasure. I arranged everything so that I could leave my father with very little to do, and on just such a bright and beautiful morning as this I took passage for the West. The journey was begun in a sentimental frame of mind. Upon going down to the ware-rooms to leave some final orders, I found Cousin Sue superintending the handling of her new invention. I remember perfectly well even how she was dressed. Of course I notice these things more than the generality of men. A shot silk and wool combining the colors of old gold and dusty green set off her beautiful complexion to advantage, and when I came in, the crimson deepened in her cheek; her big black eyes softened, and fixed themselves upon mine in a pleading way that I wonder I could have resisted. A triangular bit of India muslin trimmed with deep Valenciennes was tied loose about her pretty throat, and the saucy way that girls had of wearing those Gainsborough hats with long sweeping ostrich plumes was particularly becoming to Cousin Sue. I thought I had never seen her looking so bright and handsome, and I told her so. I never could blurt out a compliment like some people. It always seemed to me a part of the pretty speech to accompany it with a pressure of the hand, if one was intimate enough to venture upon the familiarity; and surely the relationship between Sue and myself warranted this little tenderness. Would to Heaven it had culminated there and then in an engagement! I told Sue I never saw her looking so beautiful, and keeping her hand in mine, drew her to a corner away from the workmen's ears.

"BUT AN OFFICIOUS FOREMAN INTERRUPTED ME."

"Oh, Mort," she said, "I do so hate to have you go!"

"I'll be back soon," I replied, "and by that time you'll have made a fortune in your fluting machine."

"I only puzzled over it to please you," said the affectionate girl; and I was so touched by her interest in me and the business that I was on the point of proposing there and then; but an officious foreman interrupted me about some cases, and I had only time enough to catch the train. It was a settled thing in the family that Sue and I should marry some day, so I thought there was more necessity for precipitancy in reaching the dépôt than in securing my beautiful and generous cousin for a wife.

The journey was an uneventful one, and I reached Denver in trim to enjoy anything that might be in store for me. Driving up the main street, which was far finer than I expected, I reached the establishment of my cousin Jack, before the door of which a remarkably handsome pony was pawing and prancing. "Ten to one," I said, "that is a lady's horse," and involuntarily brushed the red clay from my duster, and adjusted my hat carefully. The moment I entered the door, Jack uttered an exclamation of delight, and greeted me in a very affectionate manner; but he didn't budge from behind the counter, where a young lady was matching some Berlin wool. Turning to the light to better distinguish the color, she was immediately under my gaze; and though by this time Jack had sprung across the counter and deluged me with questions about all at home, I could get no words to reply. Coming as I did from the very centre of civilization, it was not likely that any ordinary girl could thus paralyze my faculties. No, I say it now, and shall always maintain, that Miss Florence May was not only the most beautiful woman I ever beheld, but I doubt very much if her match could be easily found in both continents. It is impossible to describe her, because words are too tame. I might say that her eyes were blue, but a passing emotion would change their color; and though her hair was like gold in the sun, the fleeting shadow would make it nut-brown. In repose her features were classic; but when were they ever in repose? There is only this to say about Miss May, that her beauty was not a matter of opinion—a stranger was immediately dazzled and spell-bound, let him be whom he may. Jack seemed to be on tolerable terms with her. He was a prosperous young merchant, and had the family prerogative of a fine presence; but I could see that she held him in comparative indifference. I trembled with the magnetism of her eyes, which, without egotism, I felt that she allowed to rest upon mine with more than ordinary feeling, and the touch of her hand was significant. When she bade us good-by, two of her gloved fingers touched the tips of Jack's; but her whole little palm lay in mine for a quarter of a minute, which might have been an eternity so far as exquisite sensation is concerned.

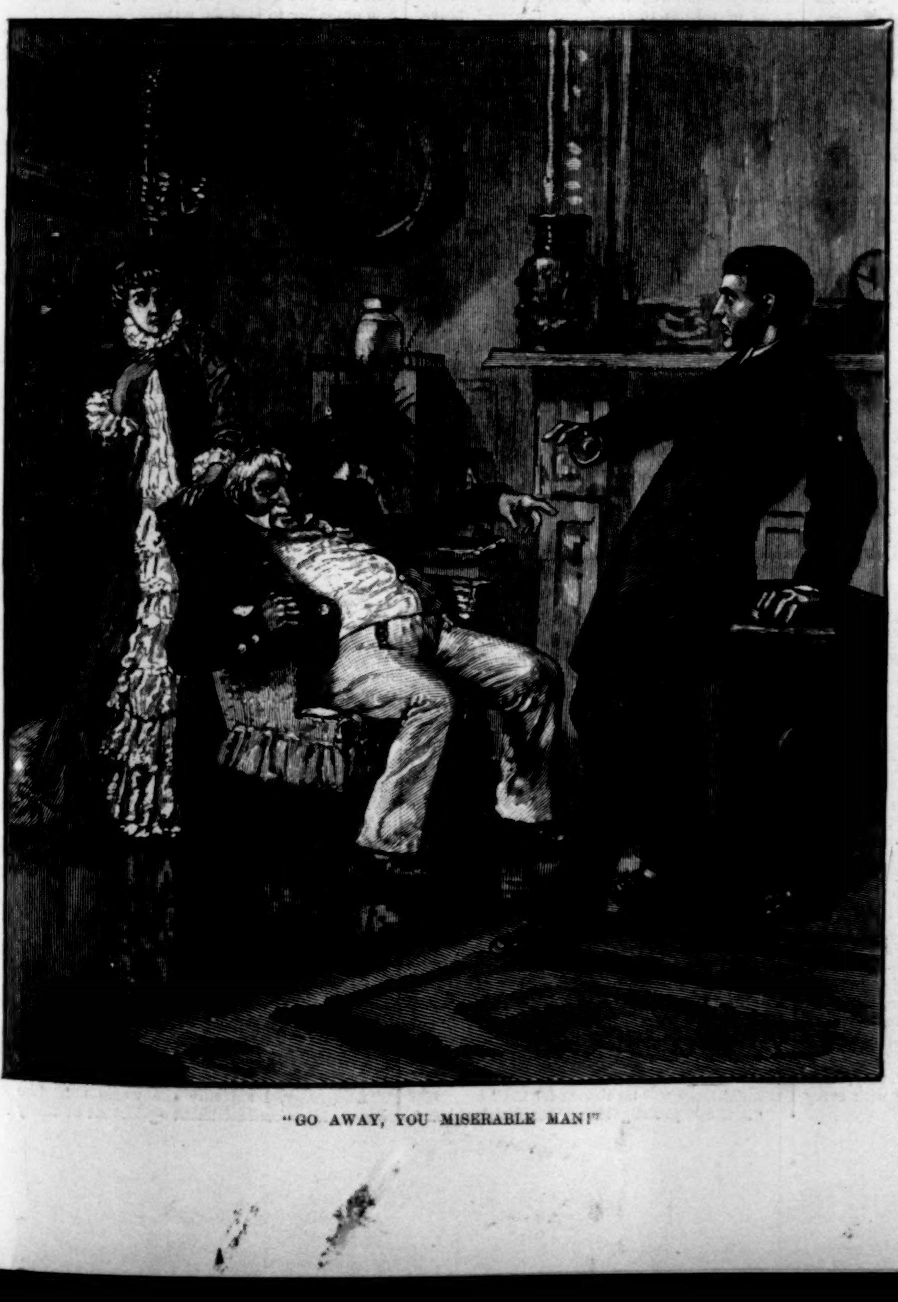
"By gracious!" cried Jack, while I watched the beautiful creature disappear in the envious red dust of Denver, "that was an awful strain! I was so afraid you'd blurt out something about the business at home. If she knew I was connected with it even in the remotest way, she'd never set foot in the store again. But it's always safe to count on a stranger being flabbergasted with her beauty at first sight; and now let me warn you, for I see you're going to be a favorite—let me warn you, while you're here, to keep mum about the trade at home. I won't let on, and there's no way of the old man May finding out anything about it."

"I'm not ashamed of the business, Jack," I said.

"Neither am I," he replied. "On the contrary, I'm proud of it. It's a fine, solid, comfortable, money-making thing; but people will have prejudices, you know. The old man May is as touchy as a sensitive-plant in that quarter; he's well on for seventy, but he's a robust, hearty, magnificent old fellow, good for twenty years more if he isn't disturbed in his fancies, and he don't allow himself to be if he can help it. I tell you what it is, Mort, I must beg of you, for my sake if not for your own, to stear clear of revelations as to your occupation."

I felt myself growing red and flustered. "It isn't likely I shall see her again," I said; "and I promise you I will not interfere with your or anybody's imbecilities."

I stalked out of the store, but Jack followed me, and went up to the hotel with me, and before we had gone twenty rods I was begging him, with



"GO AWAY, YOU MISERABLE MAN!"

tears in my eyes, to take me up to the May mansion that night. It was useless to strive with the sudden passion that beset me; it was too strong and vehement; it would have its way. Never had I been overwhelmed with such a hurricane of emotions—hope, fear, ecstasy, dread, delight. It frightened Jack as well as myself.

"Easy, easy, my boy," said Jack; "there's as good fish in the sea—"

"Pooh!" I broke in, "there's only one woman in the world like that."

"Why, there's Cousin Sue," said Jack; "she's a mighty handsome, bright, intelligent girl, and I do believe she's fond of you, Mort, and that in your heart—"

"Nonsense, Jack," I cried. "I esteem Sue as—as a sister; nothing more, I assure you. She's a very good girl, very good, and will no doubt be happy; but Miss May—" I flung the reins to Jack, and leaning back in the buggy, plunged into a wild, delicious reverie. The landscape about me was raw and sere, and a biting wind swept down from the arid hills beyond, but I looked out in the direction Jack pointed out as leading to the May mansion, and no pilgrim to holy shrines gazed more devoutly.

In truth the place was hedged in with rare and wonderful felicity. Time and money and thought had been expended in shielding it from the bleak side of nature, in adorning it, and coaxing it to a lengthy bloom. Flowers and fountains, conservatories, artificial ponds and grottoes, statues, and Heaven knows what, lined every side of it.

"Isn't it a paradise!" Florence would say a half-dozen times a day, and I always managed to bring in some nice little thing about Eve, having Milton and many of the poets at my tongue's end.

It is no idle vanity to say that I became a welcome guest at the May mansion, at least by the one I yearned to satisfy and serve. There were only the two of them—the old man and his lovely daughter. Florence had always a smile for me, and what was far better, a blush. When her eyelashes drooped, and that sudden bloom dyed her cheek, and she turned her face aside, leaving her hand perhaps in mine, I was always on the point of falling at her feet and begging her to finish this agony of suspense, and make our lives a heaven meet for the paradise in which we strayed. And I was a fair and fitting match for her—young, handsome, rich: yes, I could match the old man May's fortune, dollar for dollar. But a vague fear restrained me, held me back, haunted, tortured me to delay. Mr. May was always polite, sometimes even effusive, and frequently invited me by hints and innuendoes to reveal my passion to him; but a wretched distrust sealed my lips, chilled my manner. I thought of Cousin Jack, and refrained. He was the Mentor to my Telemachus, and always stood ready to quench the fount of joy.

"Better not risk it, Mort," he would say; "he'll never let you have her in the world. She wouldn't do it herself. I tell you I've probed the thing for you, and it's beginning to be dangerous. The old man May wants to talk business. He said to me the other day, 'Your cousin seems to know a good deal about your fancy trimmings; is it in his line?' 'Ah, yes,' I replied, 'he is a little interested that way.' Then again: 'Your cousin has a sort of general knowledge of horses and ground; he knows a sandy soil from a dry bottom.' 'H'm, yes,' I stammered out, 'Mort knows considerable about those things.' Then again: 'Your cousin seems to be up in the cabinet business—furniture, perhaps. He knows a good piece of mahogany or rose-wood when he sees it.' By that time I groan out something, and get away. The old man begins to tread too closely. I tell you, Mort, it won't do to pursue this thing any further. You'd better skip back to the East and marry Sue."

"I'll cut my throat first!" I shouted. "Never! I'll never give Florence up. Good Heaven! does the old fool think he can always shun the vital principle of humanity? Does he suppose he can shut his eyes to the inevitable? Pah! It stares him in the face, and he'll have to see it."

"Not while he can shove it aside, Mort. You must remember there's everything in custom and habit. Even a woman like Sarah Bernhardt has to confess she hobnobs with these things to get used to them. The old man May prefers the other plan."

I groaned, and yielded.

"See here, Jack," I said, "I'll give it up. I'll sell out there, and come out here, and go to farming, stock-raising—anything the old idiot requires. Hang it! I won't do any business, if that will satisfy him. I've got money enough to live on."

Jack began to stroke his beard meditatively. "As for money," he said, "between the two of you, you could buy a mine; and I don't see how the old gentleman can object, if you agree to sell out and have nothing more to do with the old business. There's the old connection, to be sure. What is it somebody says?

'You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.'

The old man is so peculiar about these things. He never allows them to be mentioned in his presence; he'll ride twenty miles out of his way to avoid anything appertaining to them, and a stranger is always warned of this weakness before a friend dares to introduce him. Then he was prejudiced against you in the beginning. Miss May invested you at once with a romantic interest. Your deep voice, your solemn manners, your sad and sympathetic smile, reminded her of her poetic idol, Lara; but the old man was troubled with realistic doubts. 'Why the dickens does your cousin speak so hollow and low? What makes him look so glum? What does he go about like a cat in walnuts for? He makes me creep and crawl; he sends a shiver down my back.'"

"I don't care a cent for the old man," I exclaimed. "Florence loves me. She'd marry me if I was a highwayman."

"Oh, wouldn't she? Quicker than lightning! And perhaps if you give up the old business—"

"An honest, comfortable, steady, profitable business," I groaned, for I was fond of it.

"Yes," said Jack, "I always regretted leaving it. If you sell out, I think I'll buy your share. I've been homesick for some time; but I never could fit in, like you do, Mort. You'll be a loss to the profession. Some men acquire it, others have it thrust upon them, but as for you, you were born to it."

I can never accuse Jack of neglecting any opportunity to win me back to the path of peace and prosperity. Whatever was his fault, it was not that of duplicity. He placed the whole matter before me time and again; but who of us all can be warned by advice or entreaty? Once upon the headlong path to destruction and despair, nothing but a miracle can save us.

My infatuation had reached a point of frenzy. I only lived at the May mansion. The rest of my existence was a mere vegetation. The world only held the one happiness, and that was so supreme that to lose a moment of it seemed to me a folly or a crime. I neglected to write home; I gave up the mercantile investigations which it was a part of my journey to pursue. For weeks I did not even ride through the streets of Denver, or cast eyes on my cousin Jack. Yet there were moments when I was intensely miserable. The old man May had become intolerable in his incessant prodding and goading about my business connections. It required all my ingenuity and watchfulness to prevent his bringing matters to a focus, and I was not yet prepared to reveal to him my occupation for the present, or plans for the future. In truth, I was a slave to the silly and criminal prejudices of the old man May. The past and the future were topics with which a man of his weak proclivities should have nothing to do. He lived in the present, didn't want to look a day beyond, basked in the joy of the hour, forbidding any one to hint that it might not last forever.

Florence knew that I loved her. How could she help but know? My whole being exhaled a constant adoration of her presence. The sweep of her garments sent a thrill to my heart; the clasp of her hand was a delirium of bliss. One morning she ran to meet me, and drew me aside into a little summer-house where we had spent many ecstatic hours. The wind wantoned with the golden hair which hung loose about her neck, and heightened the color that was already warm in her cheek. A morning robe of faint blue cashmere, embroidered with a deeper shade, and opened down to her feet, revealed a delicately embossed skirt of India muslin. As I said before, I perhaps notice these little feminine decorations more than the generality of men, and I never beheld neater and more effective combinations in color and style than adorned the matchless beauty of Miss May.

"Oh, Mortimer," she said, with her hand upon my arm, and looking up into my face with a charmingly pleading expression, "will you do something for me?"

"Anything! everything!" I cried. "I would lay down my life to serve you."

Transported with her beauty, the enchanting surroundings, the hour, the place, the situation, I threw myself at her feet, and implored her to promise she would be mine forever. "I adore you," I cried. "I will give up everything, leave everything, to come here and be your slave. Say that you love me, Florence."

"Oh, you foolish boy," she said, "you know that I love you. But what I want you to do just now is to make yourself agreeable to a young lady who has just arrived from the East. She is an old schoolmate of mine, and has met with a great loss. I was so shocked to see her in deep mourning." Here Florence grew pale, and trembled in my embrace. So tender was the old man May's rearing of this delicate girl, the subject she sought to approach appalled her. "You know papa hates to see people in black. So do I. I think it's a detestable, wicked custom. I know papa won't be nice to her. He'll avoid her, keep out of her way, take his meals at separate hours. But you, Mortimer—you'll be good to the poor thing, won't you? You won't mind her being sad and mournful, and not wearing colors?"

"On the contrary," I said, smiling with a calm superiority over the old man May, "it will be an incentive to my interest in this dear young lady. Where is she?"

"In the breakfast-room. Let us go to her at once," said Florence; and hand in hand we went out of the summer-house. Little did I think I should never enter it again. Little did I dream, as the warm white hand rested confidently in mine, that a few brief moments would render it cold as marble to my touch or entreaty.

The old man May was already walking up and down the balcony, his hands beneath the tails of his coat. His face was red and troubled. He had evidently seen the mournful young person in the breakfast-room, and fled from her presence. My manner involuntarily suited itself to the occasion. It was subdued and sympathetic. My step was soft and slow. My voice was modulated to a melancholy cadence as I bade Mr. May good-morning. He scowled at me, and resumed his walk. The old man May must have been a fool to suppose I could put off the habits of a lifetime. I was reared to these things. I entered the room. Florence introduced me. The young woman looked at me, put both her hands to her head, uttered a long, loud shriek, and fainted!

"What is it?" said the old man May, running in at the door. There stood Florence gazing distrustfully from her friend to me; there was the young woman in a dead faint. The old man May glared from one to the other.

"She fainted at the sight of Mr. Clay," said Florence, growing paler and colder with every word.

"I solemnly swear I never to my knowledge saw her before!" I said, and spoke the truth.

"Well, I'm tired of this," said the old man May. "I hate all this mystery and beating about the bush. Who *are* you, anyway? What's your business? What do you do for a living? You are hanging around my daughter—"

"I love her; I adore her," I exclaimed. "I would give my life for her." And then I sank into a chair, and covered my face with my hands. I felt that the awful moment had come, and the thought of losing Florence through this old man's imbecility nearly drove me mad. Florence had helped carry her friend out of the room. We were alone.

"See here, Mr. May," I said, getting upon my feet again; "whatever may have been my business, if it's distasteful to you I'll give it up. I'll come here, and do anything or nothing, just as you see fit to command. I can't give Florence up—I won't. Nothing shall induce me."

"Who asks you to give her up?" said the old man May. "She's as much of a fool about you as you are about her. Something must be done to patch up matters, I suppose. If you're inclined to do what's right, the Lord knows I am. A man can always leave his past behind him, especially out here in this part of the country. But what *has* been your way of doing? It don't make any difference now. Out with it at once. A gambler?"

I shook my head. For the moment his vehemence took away from me all power of articulation.

"A highwayman? a horse-thief?" shouted the old man.

At that moment Florence ran into the room and up to her father. Her face was like marble.

"Papa, papa," she cried, "come away from that man. He has deceived us all shamefully."

"What is he?" screamed the old man. "A convict? a murderer?"

"Papa, oh, papa, my friend has told me all about him. His face brought back to her all the old agony. This man officiated at the last sad ceremony. Oh, papa, this man is an *undertaker!*"

The old man May fell back in a chair. His face became of an ashy pallor, and with a trembling, stubby forefinger he pointed to the door. I made one final effort to reach Florence. She shuddered, and drew back. In her beautiful face struggled an expression of pity and loathing. "Go away, you miserable man!" she said; "oh, do go away!" And I went. I started for Omaha that night, not even waiting to bid Cousin Jack good-by. I could not reach home quick enough. Only to press on to the dear old city, to see again the sweet face of Cousin Sue, which every moment of my journey rendered dearer and more precious. Not that I was weak enough to disparage the beauty of Miss May in my disappointment and chagrin, but it had never held the domestic and solid charm that invested the attractions of Cousin Sue. Here was a woman who would share life with a man honestly and fearlessly, help him to bear misery as well as appreciate happiness, help him to make money as well as to spend it, help him to dispel bugbears instead of raising them—a warm-hearted, brave, religious girl, who took the world as she found it, tried to better it as she went along, confiding innocently and happily in the will of the Almighty. Oh, for a balloon to Omaha! And reaching Omaha, still more wearily the road lengthened out. I scarcely slept a wink for the last two nights, and gaining the city, half worn out but glad, haggard but happy, I jumped into a cab, offering the driver double fare to push on double quick, and we went rattling over the dear old streets, while I craned my neck out of the window, and fretted at every delay. I went direct to Sue, knowing the dear girl's heart would beat all the warmer for a weary traveller, and reaching the house of my aunt, found it, as usual, with the blinds cheerily open, the familiar geraniums blossoming lustily at the windows of the front basement, the canaries singing away, the grate fire blazing, and the oleander in full bloom. A warm, spicy, fragrant odor of cakes and preserves and all manner of dainties came floating out of the kitchen, and Aunt Cynthia ran in, kissing me at arm's-length, for her hands were full of flour.

"Getting ready for Christmas?" I said. "Better than that," said Aunt Cynthia; but I paid no heed to this remark, for I was looking about for Sue.

"She's down at the ware-rooms," said my aunt; "she's never happy unless she's fussing with that old machine." Away I sped for the ware-rooms, and rushing up the stairs, bumped against somebody coming down.

"By gracious!" said the man, "it's Mort!" And looking up, I beheld Cousin Jack. Something in his face sent a chill to my vertebræ; something in my face probably sent a chill to his, for he grew pale at once, and said, in a peculiar shaky, distrustful way,

"How did you leave Miss May?"

"I left her forever!" I cried. "I've come back to take your advice, Jack—to marry Cousin Sue and settle down."

"Hold on, Mort," said Jack, seizing me by the arm. "Be a man now, old boy; be just, anyhow. What did you say when I begged you to go home and marry Cousin Sue?"

"I don't know—I don't care," I said, beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"You said you'd cut your throat first, didn't you? Now, honest, Mort, before Heaven, didn't you say that?"

"And you told her?" I said, sitting down on the step, for I began to guess the truth.

"No, I didn't. I never said a word about you that would disparage you in her opinion, except that you were heels over head in love with another woman, and that was fair, for I've been fond of her for years, and only went West because I thought there was no chance for me."

"And now you've got her?" I said, sick at heart.

"Yes, and please God, I'll keep her," said Jack. "I'll give up all idea of the partnership to you again, but it won't be safe for any one to interfere with my claim to Cousin Sue."

I smiled bitterly. "She's not the kind of woman to give her word and break it lightly," I said, and softened, for after all Jack was worthier of her than I, and so many blows would break the most indomitable spirit.

"God bless you both!" I said, holding out my hand to him. Commiserative tears sprang to the good fellow's eyes.

"Won't you go up and see her?" he said.

"Not now," I replied.

"Well, come in at Christmas, Mort, anyway, to the wedding, won't you? I ask it as a favor, Mort."

And I did go in at Christmas, and saw them married, and Sue seemed so perfectly happy that I almost distrusted her old fondness for me; but only a few nights ago, at the christening of her third baby, when Sue and I were talking together in a corner, in a jolly, confidential way, and I had told her that my money and share of the business should go to her eldest boy, Mortimer, in the impulse of the moment I asked her if, upon that morning in the ware-room, before I went West, I had made her an offer of marriage, what she would have said.

"Bless your soul," said the frank, generous creature, "I'd have jumped at it!"

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1307, Vol. XXVI.]

RESURGO.

A COMEDY BY "OUIDA."

Cloth of gold, do not despise
To match thyself with cloth of frieze.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIP DORMER, *Earl L'Estrange.*
MARQUIS OF IPSWICH (*son of the Duke of Lowestoft*).
PRINCIPE CARLO SANFRIANO.
ALDRED DORIAN.
DUCA DI MONTELUPO.
CLAIRE, *Madame Glyon.*
LAURA, *Principessa Sanfriano.*
LADY COWES.
COUNTESS OF ST. ASAPH.
MARCHESA ZANZINI.
Other minor persons.

SCENE IV.—(*Continued.*)

Salons in Palazzo Sanfriano.

L'Estrange (*returning*). A thousand pardons, Princess, but I forgot to ask you the *precise* epoch of your Venetian costume. What year are you?

[MME. GLYON *leaves the room. The* PRINCESS *is a little confused.*

Princess. The year? Oh, I don't know. About the sixteenth century will do, won't it?

L'Estrange (*smiling*). 'About a century' is rather a wide margin. No; you must take a year, and be scrupulous in adhering to it. You know Italians are always most exact in these matters.

Princess. Ah, yes, because they have all their ancestors' things hung up in their wardrobes. But I haven't any ancestors, nor any things, and you are going to lend me yours.

L'Estrange. I should be too delighted if I could give you my ancestors, Princess. Unhappily Sanfriano has been before me, and has given you his. Well, does the time of Giorgione suit you? We will fix it so. That will give you range enough, and charming costumes. But Sanfriano must know as much as I.

Princess. Oh, if I were anybody else, he would be all day in the studios getting me sketches. He is busy on the Duchessa Danta's costume. She goes as a sorceress; I offered him a black cat for her. Don't go away this moment, Lord L'Estrange. I want to know why you and Claire were quarrelling.

L'Estrange. Is her name Claire?

Princess. Yes; what of it? It is a common name in France. Why were you quarrelling?

L'Estrange. I assure you—

Princess. Oh, it's no use. Claire looked contemptuous, and you looked angry. What was it about?

L'Estrange. I have the misfortune never to please Madame Glyon. She dislikes me.

Princess. I am not sure of that. But Claire is a very proud woman, and she is always very strong in taking other women's parts, and you know—don't you know?—I suppose I ought not to say it, but there is that story of your marriage, and that goes against you. Tell it how you may, you look so heartless, so inconstant, so capricious. I ought to beg your pardon—

L'Estrange. Pray do nothing of the kind. Madame Glyon herself has explained at full length her views upon that subject. She has heard a few outlines of the affair, and this skeleton she has clothed with all the riches of her imagination and her sympathies; very much to my prejudice. She said very rude things to me, but I am bound in honor to admit that some of them were very true ones, although her exaggerated compassion of my—my victim renders her singularly unjust to me.

Princess. It is not at all like Claire's usually delicate taste to begin personalities.

L'Estrange. Oh, the fault was altogether mine. I worried her till she spoke. I was punished as I deserved to be. We can not complain of receiving what we ask for, and I asked her to speak without compliment or reticence, and—she did so.

Princess. She offended you?

L'Estrange. She offended me. We are very poor creatures, and are as thorny as porcupines the moment any one stings our pride. What most especially annoyed me was that she should not for a moment consent to look at the facts from my point of view.

Princess. She would probably do so if you were not present. That is just like Claire.

L'Estrange. I am sure she would not. She has made up her indictment against me as coldly

and accurately as she would do a problem in mathematics. But I will confess to you, Princess, that the moment I had left your house I felt ashamed of my anger. Her defense, after all, of another woman, was noble. Most women always side with me, praise me, and tell me I did quite right; most women always go without examination against the woman in any story. And what vexes me, I will confess also, is that in answering her I must have looked a very sorry creature. All the arguments I put forward, though true ones, were selfish and shallow. She told me I was a snob—

Princess. Oh—h—h—h!!!!

L'Estrange. And, honestly, she had cause to say so. I did lack courage—moral courage; and although it is not so easy as she deems it for a man to bear his marriage being made the joke of the town, yet I can fancy that to her my defense seemed trivial, mean, and vulgar, and lowered me in her estimation. She says she is of the people herself; is that so?

Princess. I believe she—was—not anybody, in your sense of the word.

L'Estrange. But she is so perfect a gentlewoman!

Princess. Yes; she certainly is. And *so* clever!

L'Estrange (*abruptly*). What was Glyon?

Princess. I—I really don't know.

L'Estrange. But he is really dead?

Princess. Oh yes; he does not exist, thank goodness!

L'Estrange. Was he a brute to her?

Princess. I think her husband was—not very good.

L'Estrange. That would account for it, then.

Princess. Would account for what?

L'Estrange. For her violent partisanship of that poor young girl—my wife of a year—for whose tragic death I was not to blame: upon my word I was not. If I had had any foreboding or conception of the manner in which my departure affected her, I would not for worlds have left her, even though every hour of our life together had its thorns. I wish you would persuade your friend of this. I must have seemed to her unmanly, and a mere selfish, cowardly knave; and I do not like so grand an artist, and so noble a woman, to have so poor an opinion of me. Will you be my friend, Princess?

Princess. Lord L'Estrange! You are very charming when you are natural.

L'Estrange. Natural? Heaven and earth! You do not mean that I am ever a *poseur?*

Princess. Just a little sometimes. Don't be. How horrified you look!

L'Estrange. Well, to be called a snob and a *poseur* in one day—

Princess. *Is* hard for a leader of art and fashion, and a son of the Crusaders. I will be your friend with Claire. But she is terribly obstinate, and in a sort of way she is terribly democratic too. If you were a painter, *sans le sou*, she would be more easily disposed to be amiable to you.

L'Estrange. You make me wish for news that my old abbey is gutted, and the Bank of England is bankrupt.

Princess. Are you as serious as that?

L'Estrange. Quite. And I commend myself to your merciful hands, Princess.

Princess. Do you go to Keudell's to-night?

L'Estrange. I will if you will promise me the *cotillon.* [*Exit.*

Princess (*goes to the door of the inner room*). Claire! Come back one moment. He is gone.

Mme. Glyon (*enters*). I am tired. Do not keep me long.

Princess. You are not tired; you are unhappy. Oh, my dear Claire, I am sure he is so fond of you still!

Mme. Glyon (*sternly*). What? How dare you say so? He has forgotten me as utterly as a lasting irritation and my memory allow him to do.

Princess. Well, you know, I mean—not fond of you *still*—fond of you *again*. Oh, don't look so angry! Do you know he spoke so nicely about her—I mean you—I can't express myself properly; but indeed it is quite true. He says he feels he must have looked heartless and cowardly, and all that, just now when he talked to you, but that he isn't so one bit really; and he does so want you to do him justice!

Mme. Glyon (*bitterly*). Justice! You pleading to *me* for justice for *him!* My dear, I really think that even your teetotum of a mind should not have spun round quite so quickly. To defend him to me! I do not know whether it be the more ridicule or the more insult. Indeed, it is both!

Princess (*with tears in her eyes*). Oh, Claire, I think him just as much of a wretch as ever I did. I don't spin round; I don't change—no, never—about you. But he can be very nice in manner when he is natural; and though you will not listen about it, he admires you—blindly; he is passionately anxious to have your good opinion.

Mme. Glyon. I dare say! Lord L'Estrange is surfeited by women's adulation, and his pride is piqued by a person who is no one in the eyes of his world daring to be indifferent to him. His anxiety to please me was a caprice, as the other was.

Princess. Oh, Claire, you are very hard! I can't see why you should not win him again, and be happy.

Mme. Glyon. I suppose you think as he does, that a woman of my birth should have no pride? Win him again! How can you speak so? He divorced me when I was the most innocent thing on earth, and—

Princess. No, he did not divorce you. He meant to come back in two years.

Mme. Glyon. Two years! He makes you believe that. He neither meant nor would have been likely to return. He separated himself from me because I offended his taste, got him laughed at by his friends, and committed social mistakes every time I moved or spoke. He saved himself just now that his marriage was an incomprehensible act of absolute idiocy.

Princess. But if he had known *you* were *you*—

Mme. Glyon. No doubt I should have been once more odious and contemptible to him. He admires me, you say. Yes, I believe he does; but what he admires is a woman who repulses him, who is famous, who has a talent that happens to be to his taste, and who he fancies has a past that is mysterious and not too creditable. His imagination and curiosity are at work, and his pride is stimulated and irritated; if he knew this moment that I am his wife, he would change in one instant. I should be a mere awkward, ignorant peasant once more in his sight; he would say once more what an unutterable fool he was twelve years ago. His fancy for me when I was a child was caprice, but it was passion too; his fancy for me now is only caprice *doublé* with curiosity and pique. I am not likely to be his dupe twice over.

Princess. You are dreadfully unforgiving. Do you know, if I were you, I should revenge myself, since you will not pardon him, in quite another way. I should encourage him, and I should refuse him. For I am certain he will ask you to marry him.

Mme. Glyon (*bitterly*). Surely not. Since his marriage twelve years ago was an idiocy, he would never, now that he is twelve years older, desire to make another that would be an equal imbecility. Remember the voice of society is the voice of God to him.

Princess. But if he *did*, would you—would you tell him the truth, or refuse him?

Mme. Glyon. The latter, certainly. My life is tranquil and altogether given to art; his is full of the world and the world's friendships and flatteries; he has no need of any affections; they are "bad form," and I—I have no need of them either. Art contents me, and some time or other kindly death will come, and I shall forget that I have ever suffered.

Princess (*with tears in her eyes*). And suffer still.

Mme. Glyon. Of course. The utmost one gets after a mortal wound is some dull, drowsy lulling of the pain from sheer habit of bearing with it, and the familiarity of time. [*Exit.*

[*Servant enters, and announces* LADY COWES, LADY ST. ASAPH.

Lady Cowes. Dear Princess, we are so late, and it isn't your day, but we thought we must take a peep at you, though we can not stop an instant. Lady St. Asaph had something very especial to say to you—to ask you.

Princess (*aside*). I am sure it is to subscribe to a church, or to do something spiteful on my visiting list. (*Aloud.*) I shall be so charmed if I can be any use. Yes? What is it? Do tell me, please.

Lady St. Aspah (*dropping her voice*). Could you—would you mind—pray do not think me too personal—but would you tell me if Madame Glyon is really going to marry Aldred Dorian?

Princess. Mr. Dorian? No; I don't think so—I don't know. What made you think of it?

Lady St. Asaph. Oh, every one is talking about it; they say it is definitely arranged, and it would be so very—very—*very*—VERY dreadful!

Princess (*sharply*). Dreadful? Why?

Lady St. Asaph. Oh, dear Princess, you see Aldred Dorian is a sort of cousin of ours—distant, but still a cousin: the sixteenth Lord St. Asaph married a Dorian of Deepdene. Of course he has always been very strange and odd, caring for nothing but painting, and throwing away all his chances; but still he *is* a cousin of ours, and of heaps of other people too; and if you do know anything of this marriage, I do entreat you to tell me the truth.

Princess. I don't know anything of it; but if the thing were so, what would it matter? Why would it be dreadful? You know that Madame Glyon is my guest and my friend.

Lady Cowes (*imploringly*). Oh, dear Princess, pray do not be quite too vexed with us. We remembered your affection for her, but for all that we resolved to come and ask you frankly to tell us the truth.

Lady St. Asaph. And beg you to stop this marriage, without scandal; that is the great thing to do. Aldred Dorian is so headstrong!—if there were any opposition, it would make him ten times more determined.

Princess. But why should I stop it? Mind, I don't know anything about it; but why should I try to stop it if I did?

Lady St. Asaph (*lowering her voice*). Dear Princess, you are very young, and you have a very warm heart, and you will let an old woman who knows this wicked world better than you do tell you something painful—that it is necessary you should know? You will allow me?

Princess. I never knew any one wish to tell me anything unless it were painful. Yes; pray say it out. I am very inquisitive.

Lady Cowes. You know we can only have one motive: to save Dorian and to open your eyes.

Lady St. Asaph. And I feel that you ought to know it.

Princess. To know what? Oh, please be quick!

Lady St. Asaph. Well—that—well, I never can bear to say these things; for, after all, one can not be sure, and one can never be too charitable; but still sometimes it is one's duty. Dear Princess, what *did* you know of Madame Glyon?

Princess. She was at the convent where I was.

Lady St. Asaph. Ah, quite so; but who was she?

Princess. Of very humble birth, I believe; she never disguises it; she is not ashamed of it.

Lady St. Asaph. Ah, I see. Dear sweet creature, your goodness and your innocence naturally lead you to be too trustful; but indeed you will allow me to advise you, you will make some excuse for bringing the lady's visit to you to a close. We know *for certain*, on most unimpeachable authority, that M. Glyon never existed. You will understand me?

Princess (*coloring*). I really don't. I don't care the least for M. Glyon; I love Claire.

Lady Cowes. Ah, dear Princess, that is so sweet and unsuspecting! Of course you fall a prey—

Lady St. Asaph. It was Aldred Dorian's infatuation that led me to make inquiries at the proper sources of information. You really do not seem to see the matter in its true and very serious light. There has never been a M. Glyon. The whole thing, name and marriage and all, is false. She is a clever artist, no doubt—at least they say so; but she is quite—quite unfit for the honor of your affection and protection. They told me in the very strictest confidence at the French Embassy—

Princess (*rising and speaking quickly*). Then please, Lady St. Asaph, keep their confidence. You must think the very worst of me if you like, but I will not hear another word against Claire.

Lady Cowes. But she has an assumed name.

Lady St. Asaph. There never was a M. Glyon.

Lady Cowes. They say she has two millions' worth of diamonds; how did she get them?

Lady St. Asaph. Aldred Dorian will close society against him forever if he marry her.

Lady Cowes. You know everybody knows she does not paint her own pictures—she never did.

Lady St. Asaph. If you will only allow me, I can prove to you that you harbor a mere adventuress.

Princess. Oh, please don't make me quarrel with you! I should be sorry to have to do that; but not a word more must you say. You are all wrong, entirely wrong; and as for her marrying Aldred Dorian, she will no more marry him than I shall.

Lady St. Asaph. So positive an assurance from you is a great comfort, for you must know so much better than any one else. But some day when you are calmer about it, I think I shall convince you that French artists with feigned names are very compromising guests.

Lady Cowes. Dear Princess, you have told me yourself that her husband was cruel to her.

Princess. So he was.

Lady Cowes and Lady St. Asaph (*together*). But if he never existed?

Princess. He did—he does.

Lady Cowes and Lady St. Asaph (*in chorus*). *Does!* Then she is not a widow? She is separated?

Princess (*impatiently*). If she be, at least Aldred Dorian is safe from her. You will pardon me if I ask you to leave my friend's name in peace.

Lady St. Asaph (*softly*). If one only knew what her name is! Oh, I'm so quite too grieved that I have vexed you, but really I thought you ought to know what they say.

Princess. "*They say*" has killed many friendships and much happiness, but it won't kill mine and Claire's. Won't you have some tea? No? Oh, you have not vexed me. One is not vexed at what is not in the very least true.

Lady St. Asaph (*with a sigh*). How beautiful such confidence is! But, alas! dear Princess, when you are as old as I, you will have learned that there is no enemy so dangerous and so costly as belief in others. We shall meet to-night? You will be *en beauté*, I am sure, and I hear Rodrigues has done something marvellous for you in humming-birds and ivory satin. *Au revoir*—don't be angry, love.

Princess (*left alone*). Oh, the old cats! the horrid old cats! And I am quite sure I answered so badly; and I let them know that her husband was alive! Two millions' worth of diamonds! Claire! who won't wear as much as a silver bangle, and spends all her money on the poor of Paris! Oh, the horrid old cats! Poking into everybody's cupboards, and if they see a cobweb, declaring it's a skeleton! I haven't told any of them any stories yet, but I think—I shall begin. Intrusion ought to be answered by invention. If only Claire would declare herself!—but she never will. Of course, as she has had the strength to keep silent all these twelve years, she will go on doing so.—Carlino! Carlino! (*The* PRINCE *enters.*) Will you tell me one thing, truthfully if you can? Do people ever ask you questions about Claire's husband?

Prince. Mia cara! I think they do, now you name it.

Princess. And what do you answer?

Prince. Mia cara, I know nothing of the gentleman, so what can I say? She does not produce her husband, and I think you said he was dead; but whether he is dead, or in Russia, or in America, what does it matter? She is a handsome woman, and might amuse herself very well if she chose. I know two or three men who admire her greatly, only she has too much the air of the *nemo me impune lacessit.*

Princess. You would like my female friends to be like yours, then?

Prince. Amiability is always agreeable. I should be so glad if you would remember that.

Princess. I will try and remember it, and you must not blame me if you dislike the results of my remembrance.

Prince. You mean some menace very profound, but I do not follow it. And I do not think you will ever get out of your regrettable habit of making little scenes about everything—you like them too well.

Princess. I detest them, but when you insult me—

Prince. Ah! ah! what is coming but a scene? Rather instruct me what I am to say about the dead or the vanished husband of your friend. They do talk much about her just now.

Princess. Say she is an angel, and that he was most utterly unworthy.

Prince. Oh, *cara mia*, they would laugh at me for being in love with her. And as for being unworthy, every one knows that husbands are always that: there is not a pretty woman in Europe whose husband is not a brute—if you listen to her. I am convinced you tell Montelupo I am a monster.

Princess. Montelupo sees for himself that you outrage my feelings on every occasion.

Prince. And he consoles you for the outrage. Ah, yes, that is just as it should be. Only Montelupo is a puppy, a *grullo*, an inanity, an absolute ass: you—might choose better, more creditably.

Princess (*aside*). He has some decency left; he is jealous. Perhaps he will tire of that horrid woman yet! (*Aloud.*) I find Montelupo quite charming; he has so much tact, so much silent sympathy.

Prince. And recompenses himself for his silence by boasting with both lungs in the club!

Princess. And don't you boast sometimes?

Prince (*angrily*). No, never. I am not a monkey, all grimace, like your *servo*; and I tell you now, once for all, that though you can divert yourself as you please, and have any number of young men about you that you like, it is a number that you must have, and not any one in especial; for if I get laughed at about you, or hear my name dragged through the club, then, Signora Principessa—

Princess. Oh, then you mean you will stand up in your shirt with a big sabre? Very well. That will be very flattering to me. But the Duchess Danta will be very angry!

[*She leaves the room with a little laugh, and the* PRINCE *stands disconcerted. He pours himself out a glass of kümmel at the tea-table, and says with a sigh:*

If she were not my wife, she would really be bewitching. As it is—*che seccatura!*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLARKSON N. POTTER.

THE Hon. CLARKSON N. POTTER, who died in this city on the 23d of January, was distinguished alike in the best social life of New York, as a member of the bar, and in our State and national affairs. His personal reputation was spotless. In politics he was a Democrat, but he had the courage of his convictions, and always maintained a manly independence when partisanship demanded the surrender of principle; and it was this striking trait in his character that uniformly commanded for him the largest vote on his ticket whenever he was a candidate for popular suffrage. As a lawyer his standing is sufficiently attested by his elevation to the honorable position of President of the National Bar Association. In 1879 he was nominated by the Democratic party for Lieutenant-Governor, and defeated by only 230 votes; and in the late memorable contest for United States Senator he was selected, during his absence in the West, as the candidate of his party against Mr. CONKLING, and received its undivided and unwavering support. Mr. POTTER was a man of striking personal presence, of graceful and winning address, an eloquent and forcible speaker, scholarly in tastes and habits, warm in his attachments, and winning and retaining the friendship of those with whom he was brought into personal or other relations. In his decease the State of New York and the country have lost one of their best and purest characters.

AN ARCTIC OUTPOST.

THROUGH the courtesy of General HAZEN we are enabled to present our readers with a page of sketches representing the progress of the expedition which proceeded last summer to establish an arctic outpost on the shores of Discovery Harbor, Lady Franklin Bay, on the west coast of Greenland.

The steamer *Proteus* made the trip without any unusual incident, and early in August entered the southwest part of Lady Franklin Bay, latitude 81° 36′ north. No openings appearing, the ship was made fast to the ice. The pack presented an unbroken front, and from the 4th to the 11th of August the ship remained fast. The ice appeared to be about twenty feet in thickness, and the prospect was not cheering.

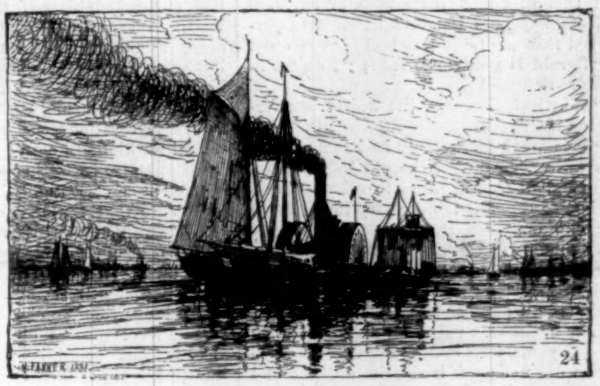
On the morning of the 11th, however, the ice began moving from the west shore, and in the afternoon the look-out in the "crow's-nest" reporting open water, the *Proteus* steamed ahead. Discovery Harbor was reached without accident or delay, and as the ice was found to be of no great thickness, the steamer rammed her way through it at full speed, until within a short distance of the spot where it was determined to fix the location of the colony. The ship milled her way through the ice, backing and then returning to the charge at full speed, sometimes wedging herself in the ice so firmly that the engines would not extricate her. It would then be necessary to place charges of powder in the ice and blast her out.

The work of unloading was begun without delay. By the 18th of August all the stores were on shore, and the frame house, where Lieutenant GREELEY and his men are passing the winter, was nearly completed. They have abundant supplies, and probably experience nearly the same amount of comfort as that enjoyed by a northern frontier garrison during winter. They have a fine bank of good coal close at hand for fuel, a large store of musk-ox flesh, and a three-years' supply of all that experience has shown to be necessary to preserve health in extreme northern latitudes. All the scientific details of the expedition were arranged with the greatest care, with a view to efficiency of research and observation, and it is believed that no party has ever faced the arctic mysteries as well equipped for this hazardous service as that under the command of Lieutenant GREELEY.

This arctic outpost is located within less than six hundred miles of the north pole. In all probability the coming spring will find the men in excellent condition for such arctic work as the season may permit, and ready to take immediate advantage of opportunities favorable to researches and expeditions. Our illustrations are made from photographs taken at different places along the route and at Discovery Harbor.

1. Carriages of Venice, R. Blum.——2. Old Ice-house near Saratoga, James D. Smillie.——3. Waiting for the Boats, E. Moran.——4. A Quiet Place, Kruseman Van Elten.——5. Early Morning by the Sea, Walter S Crane.——11. Figaro, C. S. Reinhart.——12. Talking to the Point, T. W. Wood.——13. Off Duty, T. de Thulstrup.——14. Maternal Anxiety, Frank D. Millet.——15. Sharpening the Scythe, Theo. Robinson.——16. "Coming T Milkmaid, C. Y. Turner.——22. As She Comes Down the Stairs, Nellie J. Smillie.——23. That City Chap, W. T. Smedley.——24. The Tow, Henry Farrer.——25. At Pigeon Cove, George H. Smillie.——26. Landscape an Mary L. Stone.——32. Old Fisherman and his Wife, Alfred Kappes.——33. Memories, Hugh Newell.——34. Water-Lilies, F. Bridges.——35. "Jerry's Dogs," from "The Old Curiosity Shop," Henry Van Ingen.——36. Beach, J. C. Nicoll.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIET



...alter S...lee.——6. Pridis Bridge, Maine, A. F. Bellows.——7. Palazzo Widmann, A. F. Bunner.——8. The Miller's House, J. M. Falconer.——9. On the Heights, J. Wells Champney.——10. In the Meadows Sweet, R. Bruce ...ming T...gh the Rye," H. G. Plumb.——17. Morning Pastimes, C. D. Weldon.——18. Morning, Charles M. Dewey.——19. Return from Corn-husking, Leon Moran.——20. A River-side Antique, Arthur Quartley.——21. Dordrecht ...pe and ...eep (Fragment), J. W. Pattison.——27. The County Canvass, E. L. Henry.——28. Placid Venice, M. H. Holmes.——29. Autumn Twilight, J. F. Murphy.——30. A Bowl of Milk, Henry Muhrman.——31. Ducks, —36. ... Pink of Old Fashion, W. H. Lippincott.——37. "Dem was Good Old Times," T. Hovenden.——38. Spanish Gypsy Feeding Pigeons, Gerome Ferris.——39. Summer, George W. Maynard.——40. Playing on the

...IET... NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—From the Illustrated Catalogue.—[See Page 76.]

AT TWILIGHT.

Tell me a story, dearie,
I've told so many to you.
My world is faded and dull and old,
While yours is rosy and new.

You look away to the sunset,
Flushing the saffron skies,
As if the portals of pearl and gold
Opened before your eyes.

Such smiles break over your dreaming,
I know you listen to hear
The wonderful rivers that run in rhyme,
And the music of elf-land clear.

I am sure you must know the secret
Of all the blossoms that blow;
Tell me, before you forget it all,
The sweetest thing that you know.

What is the brown thrush saying,
In the dusk of the summer morn?
And why do the blackbirds sway and swing,
And chatter above the corn?

Tell me a story, dearie—
I'm tired of humdrum things;
A story of music, and winds, and stars,
And beautiful waving wings.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

TONGUE-TIED.

Notwithstanding their bad night—for Clare had not been so fortunate as her friend, and had snatched no wink of sleep—the two ladies met at breakfast at the usual hour. Clare, self-involved in her own sad thoughts, took little note of external objects, but Miss Darrell's quick eyes perceived that the table was laid for two only.

"Gerald is gone," she said; "I ought to have anticipated that."

"Why so? Perhaps the waiter has forgotten him."

"It is much more likely he has forgotten the waiter," returned the old lady, acidly. She thought Gerald mean in all ways, and no longer thought it necessary to withhold her opinion.

The man was summoned, and at once informed them that "the young gentleman" had departed by the six-o'clock train to Stokeville, where he said he had very particular business. "He told me to give this note to you, miss," addressing Clare.

She did not open it till the servant had left the room, when, having read it, she handed it to her companion without comment. *"I am obliged to be early at the mill this morning. All that I told you last night is true from beginning to end."*

"Nevertheless," observed the old lady, scornfully, "it does not bear daylight. He was afraid of being tackled by even me, you see."

"How glad I am," she continued, "that Herbert is coming by the first train this morning! I think I shall go and meet him."

This was artfully put, for if she had said, "Shall we go?" Clare could hardly have declined, and it was Miss Darrell's wish to see Herbert alone before he saw Clare. He had seen Clare once, and once only, since her engagement with Percy had been broken off, and on that occasion no allusion had been made to it.

The happiness Herbert felt for her escape was easily concealed, for compassion for her misery overwhelmed it; but, nevertheless, feeling that he had no sympathy with her previous infatuation, and that Clare knew it, he too had been glad when that interview was over. But now—now that he was coming to see her for the second time, a free woman, with a future before her, his heart beat high within him, and not only with the thought of her enfranchisement. He had always loved her dearer than any human being, but so long as he could remember—though she had been always kind and even affectionate to him—another had been always preferred before him. He knew little of women's ways, and it seemed inexplicable to him that his uncle should have detected his love while its object had remained in ignorance of it. The greatest pleasure the old man had had in those later days had been to talk of Clare to Herbert; to praise her, to dwell upon her sweetness, her unselfishness, her helpfulness to himself and all about her; and his greatest misery (though it had a morbid attraction for him), to bewail her short-sightedness and her mistaken choice. And though he never spoke of it directly, he had given Herbert to understand not only that he would have preferred him of all men for a son-in-law, but that he had divined, had not Percy stood in the way, that the desire of the young man's heart would have been to stand in that relation.

For a man of science, Herbert was modest even about his professional acquirements; and in social matters had a very humble opinion of himself. With young women of his own class he knew that he was at a disadvantage; it was as difficult for him to interest himself in croquet and lawn tennis, in their gossip about society and their anecdotes of the aristocracy, as for them to sympathize with his aspirations to guide a balloon, or his ambition to walk about under water; he hated afternoon teas, and balls, and small-talk, in which, indeed, Clare herself took little pleasure; and his incapacity to appreciate them gave him a sense of difference from other men of his age, and therefore of inferiority.

In a general way he was conscious that this handicapped him very heavily in his efforts to get on in society; that in a girl like Mildred Fibbert it excited, indeed, something like contempt, while even with Clare he must needs cut a very poor figure in comparison with a man like Percy. But now Percy was gone, certain vague hopes which had hitherto been kept down by the weight of circumstance began to arise within him and take shape. Clare was different to other girls. When she had come to see him on one occasion at the Junction, and found him in his working clothes, she had not been horrified or even amazed (as Mr. Roden had been), and would have shaken hands with him, notwithstanding her delicate gloves, if he would have permitted her. He had shown her over the works, and she had taken an intelligent interest in all he had to tell her, and put pertinent questions to him about this and that, which had contrasted very favorably with those of other visitors. She had expressed a genuine sorrow at his proposed departure from England; he had postponed it for her father's sake, but, since the old man's death, mail after mail had started for South America without him. Why? He had persuaded himself that he had been waiting for Clare's marriage; but that ceremony would certainly have had anything but an attraction for him. If he had asked himself why he was waiting, he could have given no definite, and certainly no satisfactory, reply. That Clare had a very sincere regard for him he knew. He had been told by Miss Darrell that her young friend "respected him very highly," but he was not quite sure that that sort of estimation was to his advantage in his present case. Women "respected" their parish clergymen, their family solicitors, their uncles by marriage, but such a feeling seemed somewhat to preclude a more tender sentiment. There was, indeed, one undoubted point in his favor: his suit could be backed by Clare's knowledge of her father's love for him. To have to rely on the good word of a dead man for one's success with a young woman is not very encouraging; and Herbert's modesty represented it to him as his main chance; but there were two things, at all events, which his professional education had taught him—the exceeding value of patience and perseverance, and the danger of "Haste, half-sister to Delay."

As he drew near to Sandford his spirits rose. The morning was brilliant, and the "numberless smile" of the sea seemed to reflect itself on his own features. He had promised himself, at Clare's request, what was very rare with him, a few days of complete holiday, and here was an Eden to spend it in not without its Eve. Perhaps as she had written in her invitation that there was nothing to be done in the place, and he must expect dullness (the idea of dullness where Clare was!), she might perhaps come to meet him at the station. He scarcely thought of Miss Darrell—which was very ungrateful of him—but took it for granted that she would come with him. And there she was on the platform, looking out for him eagerly enough. He looked to right and left for her companion, and even when he was shaking hands with the old lady glanced about him inquiringly.

"Clare is not here, Herbert," she said, gravely. "She would have come, but something has happened."

"Good heavens! No accident? She is not ill?"

"No; she is well enough. Send your luggage on to the hotel, and give me a few minutes' talk before you see her."

His heart beat very fast; he had a vague notion she was about to make some communication to him respecting his cousin of a tender kind. He knew Miss Darrell had a kindness for him, and perhaps was about to confirm his hopes, though he had never whispered of them. Women, he had read, were so quick-sighted in such matters.

Who of us has not been similarly fooled by fate; been certain that she had this or that wished-for gift in her hand, and lo! when it opens, there is nothing, or the very thing in all the world we least desire? It is fair to add, though the fact, as it happens, has no place here, that often when that same fate seems frowning, and has her fist doubled as if for a blow, her features suddenly relax with a smile, the fingers open, and out comes the unexpected gift.

Miss Darrell led the way across the road into the public garden, in which no public ever entered, because there was none. A ravine by nature, a paradise by art; through the midst of it, far down, ran a small stream, which, to the upper terraces, sent only a gentle murmur; from the walks jutted here and there little promontories, from which the most charming views were visible, and on each of these coigns of vantage was a rustic bench. On one of these they seated themselves. In spite of the tumult of his mind, Herbert, who had never been at Sandford before, or dreamed that so much beauty could lie so near Stokeville, could not restrain his admiration.

"How very, very beautiful!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said his companion, dryly, "but, as often happens when the earth is so fair, there are serpents about;" and then she told him Gerald's story. He interrupted her occasionally with a remark very much to the purpose, but otherwise listened with great calmness. There were no indignant outbursts such as she had expected; his face grew a little more "set," as is the way with thoughtful faces when those who wear them are deeply moved, and once or twice he bit his lip, but that was all.

"You do not seem surprised?" she said, when her narrative was concluded. "You have surely heard nothing of this before?"

"No, nothing; but then," he added, significantly, "I know Gerald."

"Then you must feel that this story of his is a falsehood?"

"I should have known that even if I had not known him. I was at Oak Lodge that night. And as we sat at supper—a miserable pretense of a meal, but so my poor uncle would have it—I remember just before we were called up to him the town clock striking midnight."

"Just before. Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. I remarked upon it to poor Clare, and she said, 'I can't think how I came to miss hearing it, for I seem to do nothing else but listen.' Those were her very words."

"It is strange you should have remembered them so accurately," observed Miss Darrell, glancing at him curiously.

"I remember all she said and all she did, both then and afterward," answered Herbert, simply.

"Then this testimony of yours and hers settles the matter. Mr. Lyster did survive into the new year."

"Unfortunately we were not disinterested witnesses," observed Herbert, gravely.

"To be sure; I forgot that you were in the firm yourself."

"I have no legal position in the firm whatever," he said; "you are quite mistaken."

"I don't mean as partner, but you have money in it."

"There seems to be some misconception about that," interrupted Herbert. "Mr. Oldcastle, however, knows all about it. When I said 'not disinterested,' I referred to my relationship to Clare, and the possibility of my uncle leaving me something, which, as it happened, he didn't do."

"I am quite sure you never thought of that," said the old lady, confidently.

"I am thinking of what other people will think, my dear Miss Darrell."

"When one knows one is saying truth, sir, and doing right, that ought not to matter twopence halfpenny."

"So far as I am concerned," said Herbert, smiling, "you may deduct the twopence. But what people will think and say about this will matter to Clare very much. You and I know she would not tell a falsehood to save her life, but it is only natural, or at least excusable, that people who do not know her should attribute an interested motive for her making the statement of which we speak."

"Do you imagine that any jury in the world, not composed of convicts, would disbelieve Clare's evidence as opposed to Gerald's?" exclaimed Miss Darrell, vehemently. "Why, he has 'hang-dog' written all over him."

"This matter will never come before a jury," answered Herbert, sadly. "Nothing, *nothing*, I am quite sure, will ever induce Clare to permit it to become the subject of public discussion."

"Her very words," murmured Miss Darrell to herself; "he knows her every thought, poor fellow," and she looked at the young man with that tender sympathy which women over fifty can still feel.

"But, Herbert, you and Clare were not alone that night."

"True; there was a third person who heard the clock strike, or, at all events, heard my remark upon it."

"Percy Fibbert?"

"Yes."

"Well, surely his testimony would be disinterested enough, and if he is an honest man he will give it. Then even if Gerald's story were true, there would be no sort of good in his repeating it."

"But there would be a good deal of harm," answered Herbert, gravely. "It is the story—that is to say, the disclosure of it—and not the fact, that Clare fears."

"Herbert Newton, let us be frank with one another," said the old lady, earnestly. "Percy could stop all this if he liked."

"I have not the slightest doubt of it."

"But you don't think he will stop it? Yet we should be asking no favor of him in urging that, but only the barest justice."

"What would Sir Peter say, Miss Darrell, if his nephew's testimony prevented Clare's share of this year's profits from passing to his hands?"

"Good heavens, what has that to do with the matter—I mean with Percy's telling the truth?"

"Morally, nothing, of course; but I am putting myself as far as I can into Percy's shoes."

"You'll never get your toes into them," exclaimed the old lady, vehemently. "That man is a rascal."

"And yet you are taking it for granted that he will voluntarily give up the claim which Gerald's story would establish for him."

"We will try, at all events," said the old lady.

"I am doubtful about that," said Herbert, thoughtfully. "I think you should take counsel with wiser heads than mine before hazarding such a step. Remember, his reply, so far as Clare is concerned, will be final; and it is not from Clare such an appeal can come. Her trustees should be consulted."

"I have telegraphed for both this very morning," said the old lady, "though the notion even of telling *them* about this matter was most distasteful to her. If I had not been here, I do believe she would have given up everything, without a struggle, on Gerald's bare word. Here is the note he left behind him: '*All that I told you last night is true from beginning to end.*'"

"Methinks he doth protest too much," quoted Herbert, dryly.

"Protest! Yes, indeed; I think, however, I should have got the truth out of him if he had staid here. My fear is that he will tell his tale to somebody before we can get at him, if he has not told it already."

"If somebody else has not told it to him," observed Herbert.

"Ah, then you think as I do," said the old lady, quickly, "that this story, like those of Erckmann-Chatrian, is collaborated."

"Stop," said the young man, firmly. "I entreat you to say no more. I am not a fit person to discuss what you have in your thoughts. I was picturing to myself certain effects which disappointment and dislike might give rise to in the mind of another, without taking into consideration how they might move—nay, how they do move—my own. I am not a fair judge in this matter."

"Well, I don't understand you. You were frank enough about Mr. Fibbert's character the other day, when he was only open to the suspicion of forgery, and now since he has been found guilty, and drummed out, as it were, of Clare's affections, you won't open your mouth against him. I do hope you will not be so reticent when she herself asks your opinion upon this matter."

"She will never ask my opinion about Percy Fibbert," he answered, earnestly; "and as for me, unless she does ask it, my mouth is sealed."

"Who sealed it?" asked the old lady, sharply.

"Clare herself."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Darrell, looking up at him with wistful curiosity. "Lately?"

"No; months ago. I promised her never to say a word against him."

"Oh, well, I must say," exclaimed the lady, bitterly, "it is difficult to act with people so ridiculously full of scruples as you and Clare. It is like having for allies some very worthy comrades, but who insist on bringing their wives and children into battle with them. Let me tell you, my good friend, we have to contend against foes who have no such ties."

"Nevertheless, what is right will come uppermost, and justice be done," observed Herbert, confidently.

"It is possible," answered the old lady, dryly; "but, like Napoleon, I prefer to have on my side strong battalions. So, by your leave, we will not discuss this matter with Clare till my reserves come up."

"You mean till Mr. Oldcastle arrives."

"Yes, and Mr. Roden; you may smile, my good sir, but I would rather have a child to fight for me than a man with his hands tied and his mouth sealed. Come, let us go in."

[to be continued.]

"TÊTE-À-TÊTE."—BY F. DE BEAUMONT.

THE WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

THOSE of us who have had the pleasure of watching the rapid growth from very small beginnings of the American Water-color Society, which has just opened its sixteenth annual exhibition, are likely to recognize a special significance in Mr. W. H. LIPPINCOTT'S picture of the self-possessed, wellbred, handsome young woman on the title-page of the illustrated catalogue, presiding, so to speak, at the portals of the show. Whatever her condition in earlier years may have been, to-day she certainly is of easy carriage and cultivated manners, expecting success, and deserving it, and she gracefully personifies the exhibition itself. Entering the galleries—this year, for the first time, the large south gallery is opened—one sees on all sides tokens of good manners in lawns, woods, glades, and lanes; in velvety mosses on gray rocks; in brown gold of autumn foliage; in green leaves and soft verdure; in clouds and the placid waters that mirror them. Nothing seems to tease or importune. There are no cases of assault and battery. The impertinent phantasms of what, for lack of another name, may be called Currierism—though Mr. CURRIER himself, in his clever *pochades*, with their broad relations of simple masses of color, manifests sometimes an artistic insight, dexterity, and invention truly admirable—seem to be short-lived, for in the absence of their master, his pupils, who are present in considerable numbers, pale their once-effectual fires so as to be scarcely noticeable at all, or noticeable only through the lens of an unaffected pity. Yet, at the same time, the bondage of the commonplace which often binds our annual art exhibitions has, in an unprecedented number of places, given way to an effort to disengage from nature something better than the merely photographic or descriptive; something which by the interpenetration of the painter's emotions has become illumined with a ray of the ideal; something in which by a play of fine tones the real has become more or less transfigured, but which, because it has atmosphere, modelling, and gradations, as well as just relations of values, is entitled to be called a picture, as distinguished from a sketch or study. The spectator is invited rather than confronted by what he sees on these tastefully draped walls. His sympathies rather than his ratiocinations are elicited, and even conceptions so *bizarre* in their literary aspects as Mr. F. S. CHURCH'S "Witch's Daughter," who sits side by side with an owl on the arc of a young moon, and benignantly tolerates his stare, are, by the felicity of their scheme of color, saved from being ludicrous, and even, one might say, from being humorous.

That the exhibition represents less gadding about in foreign parts than usual is certain. Here is a hanging committee which, by putting in the place of honor Mr. HOPKINSON SMITH'S view "Under the Towers" of the Brooklyn Bridge, seems anxious to proclaim its deliverance from the thralldom of its predecessors, and its faith in the pictorial possibilities of the neglected picturesqueness of the metropolis. Tokens of this new faith are seen on every hand; artists whom such material once did not stir are now stirred by it very much indeed; and some of them at last are enthusiastically reproducing the schemes of color—as truly "Venetian" as those of Venice itself—that bedeck the Manhattan shores of the East and North rivers, and doing the business with an ease of hand and ease of mind which is really the hard thing to acquire in painting. The self-possession of our American water-colorists has become an accomplished fact in the present exhibition. Tricks of rough paper and soaked paper and tinted paper, abstruse calculations of balances of composition, and academic receipts in general, are of less moment this year than ever before, and the mischiefs of opaque color much less frequent.

It is this charming self-possession which makes the exhibition so courteous to its foreign pictures. These are hung well, because the hangers were not afraid of them. They are welcome, too, for the same reason. The best of the European specimens are this year excelled by the best of the American productions. There is no doubt about it. It is so. But when the strangers received more attention than the natives, as used to be the case not very long ago, how could the natives have been easy? Compare to-day the RICO and the WYANT in the corridor, and see how the combined solidity and lucidity of the latter, together with its fine undefinable poetry, satisfy, but do not tire you. And certainly it is an indication of artistic good-breeding to discern the sympathy that exists between water-colors and etching, and also the value of the contrast which a juxtaposition of the two affords. The west and northwest rooms, devoted, for the first time, exclusively to the products of the etching-needle, contain beyond question the noblest display ever seen of American genius in this department of the fine arts; and the pictorial catalogue of the display is simply unique. A plate like Mr. HENRY FARRER'S "Last Walk in Autumn," so tender and pure in its feeling for the beauty of the ripening year, is just one of those things that explain why an intelligent foreigner like M. PHILIPPE BURTY is moved to exclaim, "Hurrah, pour la jeune école américaine!"

Indeed, take the etchings throughout, and they can not fail to surprise even those most conversant with the art of *aqua fortis* in America. No one, until this collection was made, would have believed it possible that the art had reached such a development, that it had commanded so much study and attention, and that, technically and artistically, it had achieved such results. The present exhibition at the National Academy furnishes the first general or public explanation of the esteem in which American etching has come to be held by the best judges in the Old World.

GUITEAU "GUILTY."

IT was an impressive scene that was enacted in the dingy court-room at Washington on the 25th ult., the last day of the trial of GUITEAU. During the earlier hours Judge JOHN K. PORTER, of New York, was occupied in making the closing address to the jury. In its way it was masterly. The prisoner gave the strongest evidence of his own conviction that it was effective in the constant and savage interruptions which he made. Judge PORTER, in addressing a jury, gives himself up wholly to his work. He wastes no care on rounded periods or polished points, and he does not hesitate to employ all the means known to an able advocate to impress the average minds to whom he is directing his efforts. It has been evident from the first that in this case he had two objects in view—one, the principal, to wind the chain of evidence round and round the prisoner until every suggestion of doubt should be closed from the jury; the other, and hardly less important, to excite GUITEAU himself to the manifestation of those qualities of hate, rage, insolence, and persistent malignity which are completely inconsistent with the rôle of an inspired instrument of a benevolent Deity which he has chosen to play. In the latter object Judge PORTER was entirely successful. On no previous day of the trial had the assassin been so demonstrative. He shouted insulting epithets at the judge at nearly every sentence; he sought to break the thread of his discourse; he appealed constantly to the shrewdly maintained theory of inspiration on which he had staked all his hopes for life. Nothing could have been more at variance with the character of a martyr, who, believing that he had only carried out the Divine will, could bear with calm superiority the assaults of men.

But as to the effect of the evidence itself, Judge PORTER'S cogent statements were thrown away, powerful as they undoubtedly were. One of the jurors stated, immediately after the trial, that there had never been a moment since the evidence was complete that the jury had not been ready to render a verdict. If there had been any such hesitation, it must have been removed by the charge of Judge COX. The Judge commenced by a statement of the cause which had led to the extreme latitude allowed to the prisoner. It was simply that the Court believed that the requirements of the Constitution, which he recited, rendered that course necessary. "It was a consolation," he remarked, for the difficulty and trouble which had been met, "that not one of the sacred guarantees of the Constitution had been violated in the person of the accused." As the Judge proceeded to define the crime of murder, to point out that this, in all its enormity, was the only grade of homicide of which the prisoner was either guilty or not guilty, and the only one which the jury could consider, and to explain the law in regard to the plea of insanity that had been put in, GUITEAU became perceptibly more sober. He ceased to write his precious autograph on the cards that lay before him; he leaned his head upon his hands, and in the gathering obscurity of the winter afternoon he watched intently the countenance of the Judge. In spite of every effort to maintain self-control, his face grew paler and his lips quivered nervously as he read his near and inevitable doom in the words of the charge, delivered with impressive quiet and steadiness. The closing sentences contained the just and admirable doctrine which had been fully developed in earlier passages. "The only safe rule," said the Judge, "was for the jury to direct its attention to the one test of criminal responsibility, namely, whether the prisoner possessed the mental capacity, at the time the act was committed, to know that it was wrong, or whether he was deprived of that capacity by mental disease. There was one important distinction which the jury must not lose sight of, and they must decide how far it was applicable to this case. That was the distinction between mental and moral obliquity—between the mental incapacity to distinguish between right and wrong, and the moral insensibility to that distinction."

There have been some signs of impatience with the tedious length of this trial, but the clear determination of this doctrine, in so conspicuous a case, will fully reconcile the public to all else. It is worth much that the confusion which has surrounded the abused plea of insanity, the fatal fallacies in regard to "emotional" and "moral" and "temporary" insanity, that have sheltered so many murderers from the penalty of their crimes, have been so far dissipated.

When the jury filed out, the prisoner was removed to the Marshal's room, where he partially resumed his defiant air, and expressed himself confident that the jury would disagree. But they did not. The first ballot showed one man undecided, and he explained that he desired information as to whether GUITEAU had said that the notoriety of his crime would increase the sale of his book. This was furnished, and the next ballot sealed the prisoner's fate. Fifty-one minutes after going out, the jury returned, and the foreman, to the question, "What say you, gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" answered, in a low but clear voice, heard in the remotest corner of the crowded room, "Guilty as indicted." The prisoner's face blanched; he bent forward, and gasped rather than cried, incoherently, "The blood of God will be on that jury."

The usual formality of polling the jury was quickly over. GUITEAU essayed another cry, but a deputy-marshal, clapping his hand over his parted lips, remarked, "You can not abuse this Court any longer." And then in perfect silence the assassin was hurried from the room into the prison van. As its door closed upon him, the eager crowd followed him with shouts of derision and triumph. It is likely that the anniversary of the President's death will be reached before all the devices still open to GUITEAU'S counsel will be exhausted, but there is no reasonable doubt now that the gallows—the sad and terrible but just vindicator of the outraged nation—will claim its own.

FORTY YEARS A SOLDIER.

MAJOR-GENERAL SILAS CASEY, who died recently at his residence in Brooklyn, had served his country as a brave soldier for more than forty years. He was a native of Rhode Island, and had nearly reached the ripe old age of seventy-five. After graduating at West Point, he began an active military career, in the course of which he became distinguished for his gallantry. He served in several Indian campaigns, and also in the Mexican war, and was the author of the tactics which were in use until the breaking out of the rebellion. At that time he was appointed Colonel of the Seventh United States Infantry. He commanded an army corps in one of the battles before Richmond, and is said to have drilled 150,000 volunteers in the course of the war. He retired from the service in 1867, with the rank of Brigadier-General. Three sons survive him, one a Colonel in the Engineers, another a Lieutenant in the Twenty-second Infantry, and the third a Commander in the United States navy. Two daughters also remain to mourn his loss.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AN inventor in Chicago claims to have devised a motor that requires not even a thimbleful of water for the generation of almost unlimited power; all he wants is a vacuum to start with. It may be said in favor of the alleged invention that there is nothing which can be maintained at less outlay than a vacuum.

There is a man in Maine who is doing a large and profitable business in the purchase and sale of old clocks. He especially values the old-time tall clocks with wooden wheels and saucer-shaped bell, often making a fifty-mile journey to strike a bargain with somebody who is reported to him as possessing such a treasure. Old-fashioned clocks are not quoted in the weekly market reviews read by the farmers in out-of-the-way places, and it is said that he often buys an old time-piece for seventy-five cents which he easily sells in Boston for seventy-five dollars, after putting in a new wheel or two, and hanging the weights anew. In Boston the next thing to living on Beacon Hill is to have a clock two hundred years old stand in a corner of the main hall.

A member of the Kentucky Legislature recently introduced a bill making it an offense punishable by fine to tell a lie. The other members thought of the evenings when they would have to sit around the stove in country groceries and entertain their constituents with stories of official life in the State capital, and the bill was tabled by an overwhelming majority. The maker of the bill says he never before fully comprehended the force of Democratic sentiment in Kentucky.

There is a town in Arizona called Total Wreck. It is not stated what one of the old settlers the place was named after.

A symptom of the approach of the contagious stage of small-pox not mentioned in medical works is the uncontrollable desire of the patient to go out and ride in a street car.

It is said in behalf of ladies who wear large hats in theatres that the acoustic properties of the same are highly appreciated by those sitting in front of them.

It is told of last year's New Hampshire Legislature that it enacted a law requiring the Selectmen of towns to cut off the ears of such hawks and crows as might be presented to them by persons claiming State bounty for killing them. The town authorities have abandoned the search for ears, and the law can not be amended till next year.

An observant person writes that "pilgrimages to Rome are not the staff-and-sandal affairs of three hundred years ago." No; they are much like pilgrimages to Syracuse, Utica, or Schenectady, without the pop-corn boys, the baggage-smashers, and the voiceful brakemen.

A stock-herder in Idaho came upon a funnel-shaped depression in the earth, a dozen feet in diameter at the surface, and fifteen or twenty feet deep. At the bottom of the funnel was rock, and in the rock was a rift a yard across, through which came the roar of falling water. The force of the subterranean cataract made the ground tremble at its surface.

Mr. Oscar Wilde is credited with saying that he wishes to "learn something of American politics." If such is his desire, he should not return to England without attending a Democratic primary in the Sixth Ward of this city.

A small page presented himself at the desk of Congressman Moore, of Tennessee, a few days ago, with an autograph album, and requested the Representative's signature. Thinking that the album belonged to the boy, the law-maker wrote in it: "Be a good boy, and you'll be a good man." Mr. Moore afterward learned that the album was the property of an officer of the House, the venerable father of a family.

Striking railroad laborers in Texas have advanced ideas as to methods of enforcing their demands for higher wages. A paymaster on a section of the Texas Pacific Railway, five hundred miles west of Dallas, suddenly found his car surrounded by a large force of desperate men, who began piling wood around it with the intention of destroying it and its occupants by fire. With the greatest difficulty he convinced the men that he was not the manager who had reduced their wages, and after a delay of forty-eight hours he was allowed to proceed.

The discovery has been made by Professor Palmieri, of the Mount Vesuvius Observatory, that lava gives a line in the spectrum which exactly corresponds with that of helium, the element found hitherto only in the solar spectrum.

After noting the clearness with which the rules made to govern a forth-coming prize-fight are drawn, a newspaper says, "Had the Constitution of the United States been written with half so much perspicuity, we might have escaped the horrors of the late civil war." The lesson to be deduced is plain. Retire our pugilists from the ring, and make them the ex-pounders of the Constitution.

The climatic advantages of the extremity of Cape Cod come to the front once in a dozen years or so. When the temperature elsewhere in New England falls to ten or fifteen degrees below, Provincetown basks in the comparative mildness of a temperature a few degrees higher, owing, it is said, to the influence of the Gulf Stream.

Recent experiments in Philadelphia with underground telegraph and telephone wires give the most satisfactory results. Some of the little cables are so woven that each cable is a complete circuit by itself, containing two insulated wires, and dispensing with the ground connections. With this equipment, it is said, the buzzing so annoying to those who use the telephone is wholly done away with.

A Boston correspondent predicts that Oscar Wilde will make very little impression in that city. He acknowledges that they have in Boston a good many isms and a good many peculiarities, and that the city has been growing more and more æsthetic. "But," he adds, "the growth has been a healthy one, and the peculiar London æsthetic craze has not yet struck the city. It is thought that he may 'draw' for a brief while as a curiosity or an interesting study, and that some of the clubs may entertain him, but he'll have to tone his æsthetic notions if he would escape clean-cut American criticism."

An interesting operation in skin-grafting was recently performed in Philadelphia, a piece being taken from a Chicago "commercial traveller's" cheek—according to the account—to patch up a pugilist's knuckles. Intelligence which seems to be of a later date sets forth that whenever the prize-fighter appears on the street he is "spotted" for wearing brass knuckles, and taken to a police station.

A part of the work of the daily press is to verify information contained in papers of earlier issue. The afternoon papers of this city recently announced that an anaconda had broken loose and spread panic in a circus in a Western town. A morning paper telegraphed for particulars of the affair, and received the reply: "The anaconda did not break loose, but the rhinoceros chased a showman. How much shall I send?"

A Boston woman writes to a newspaper of that city protesting against the habit which Boston men are alleged to have of carrying canes and umbrellas under their arm in such manner as to endanger the eyes of those walking behind them. The grievance is augmented by the fact that the frequent turnings of sharp corners by persons on Boston sidewalks give to the protruding points of those weapons a motion from side to side that renders avoidance of them almost impossible. In behalf of the men, the newspaper which is the medium of this complaint sets forth that every second man on the streets of Boston views life with one eye, the other having been sacrificed to the women's unskillful carrying of parasols and umbrellas, and replaced by an artificial member, whose stare is "vacant and vitreous"; but it omits to say that many men who have not suffered as to their eyes have narrowly escaped being pulverized between brick house walls and the wheels of baby carriages pushed by the self-reliant matrons of that city. It has long been feared by philanthropists that, as the city grew, serious trouble would arise from the alleged method with which the streets are laid out, but no one predicted that this trouble would take the form of a war of sexes.

PLANTAGENET TROTT, ESQ., GOES OUT FOR A DAY'S SPORT.—[See Page 78.]

THE SERENADE—THE BEGINNING OF PLANTAGENET TROTT'S TROUBLES.

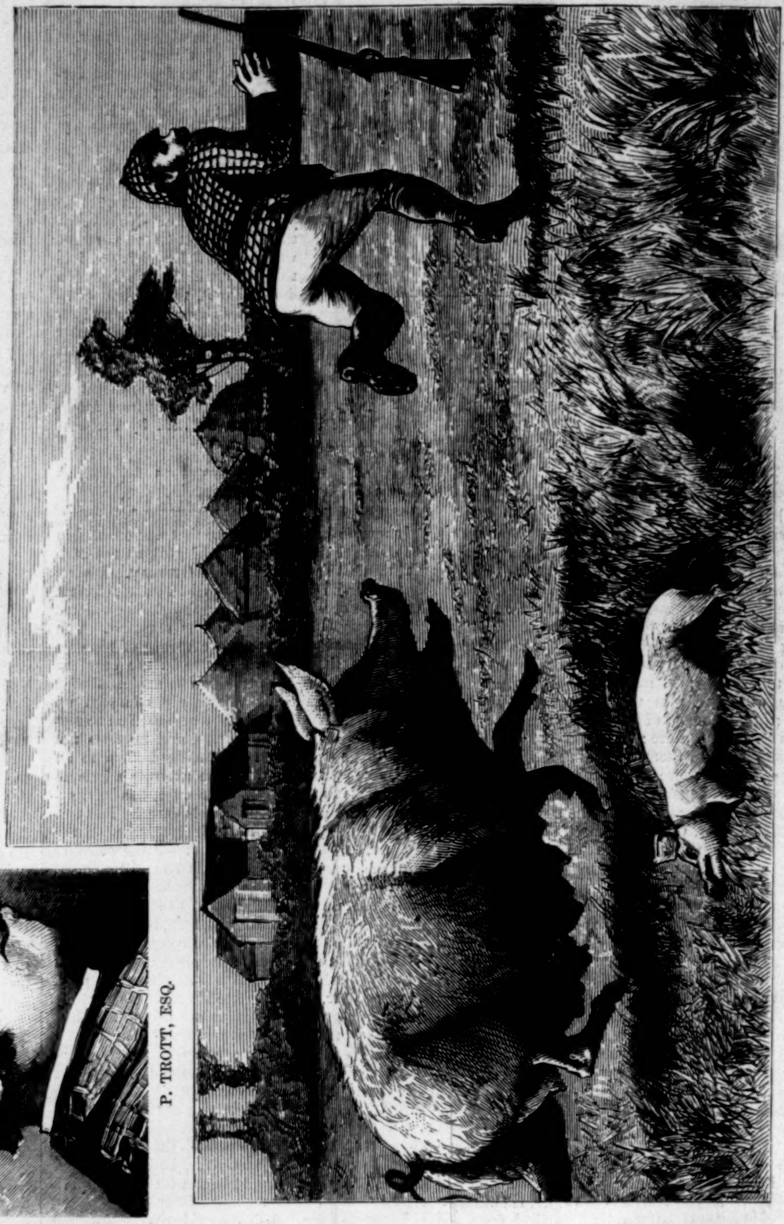
NOT QUITE STEADY AT FIRE.

TIRED OUT.

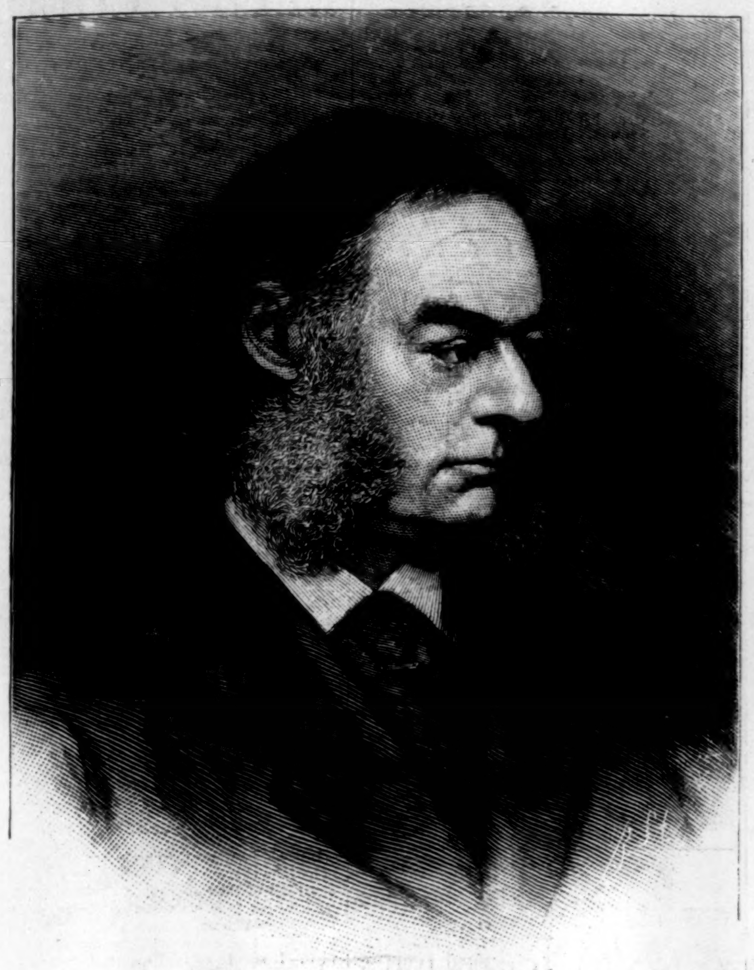
GROUND GAME.

P. TROTT, ESQ.

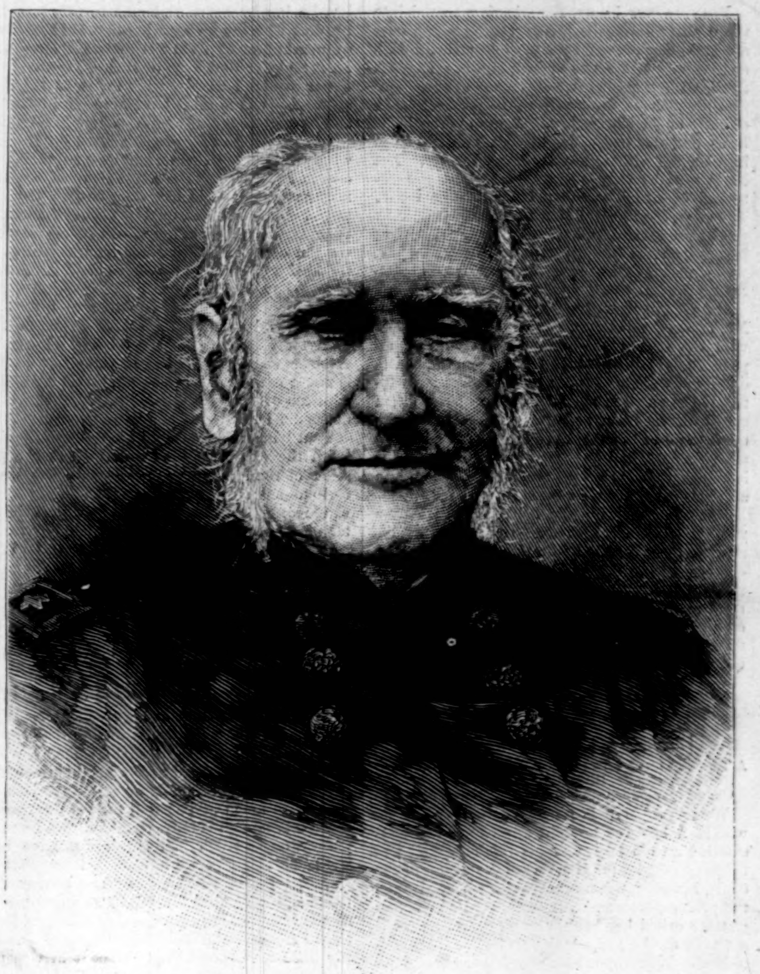
PLANTAGENET TROTT BREAKS HIS SPECTACLES.



MAMMA AVENGES HER SLAUGHTERED OFFSPRING.

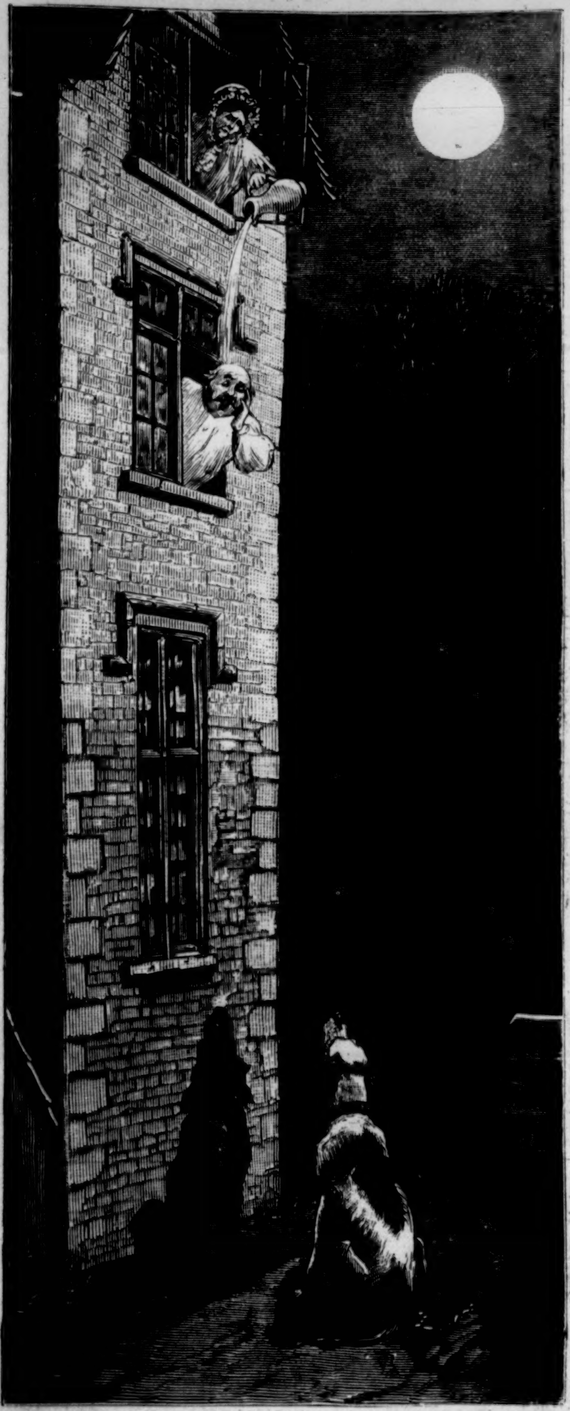


THE HON. CLARKSON N. POTTER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. WUNDER.—[SEE PAGE 71.]



GENERAL SILAS CASEY, U.S.A.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 75.]

THE GUITEAU TRIAL—THE JURY IN THEIR ROOM.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 75.]



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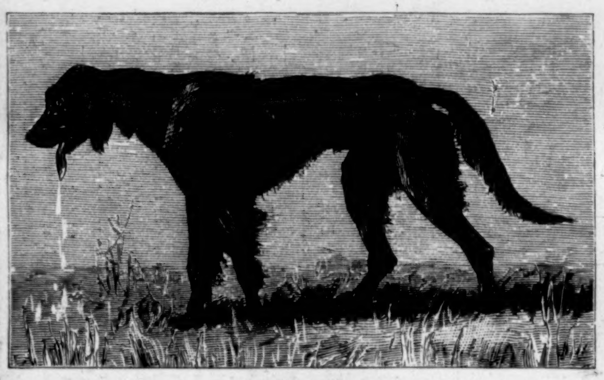

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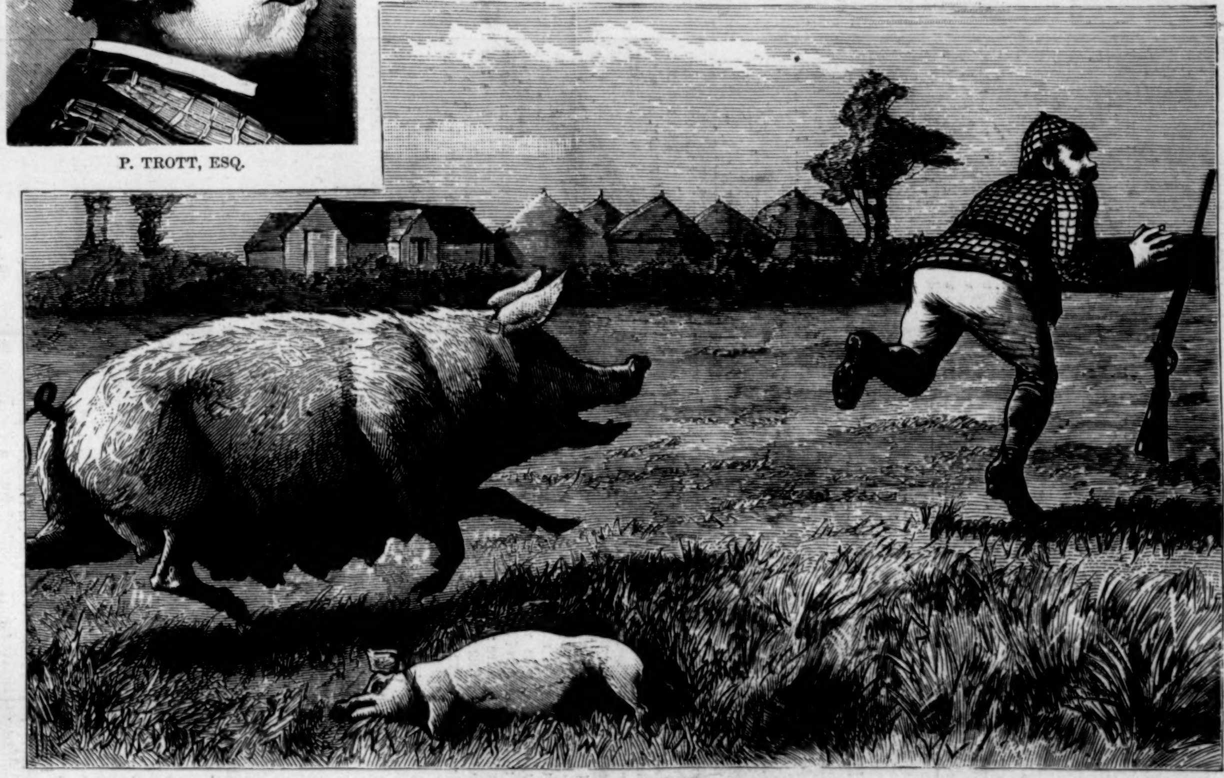

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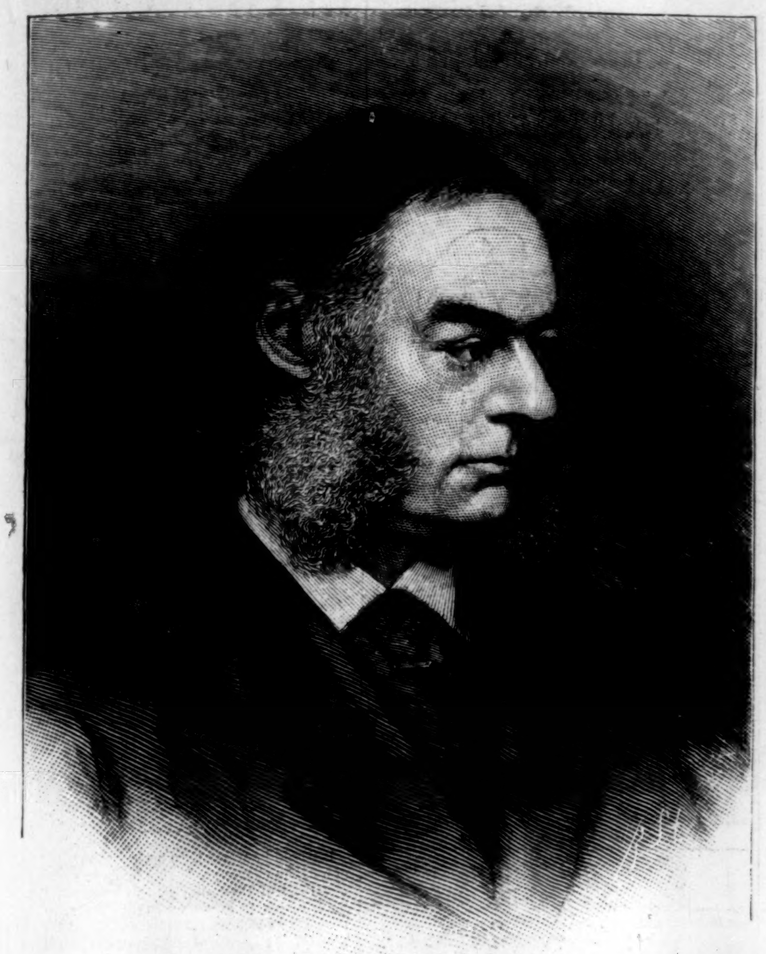
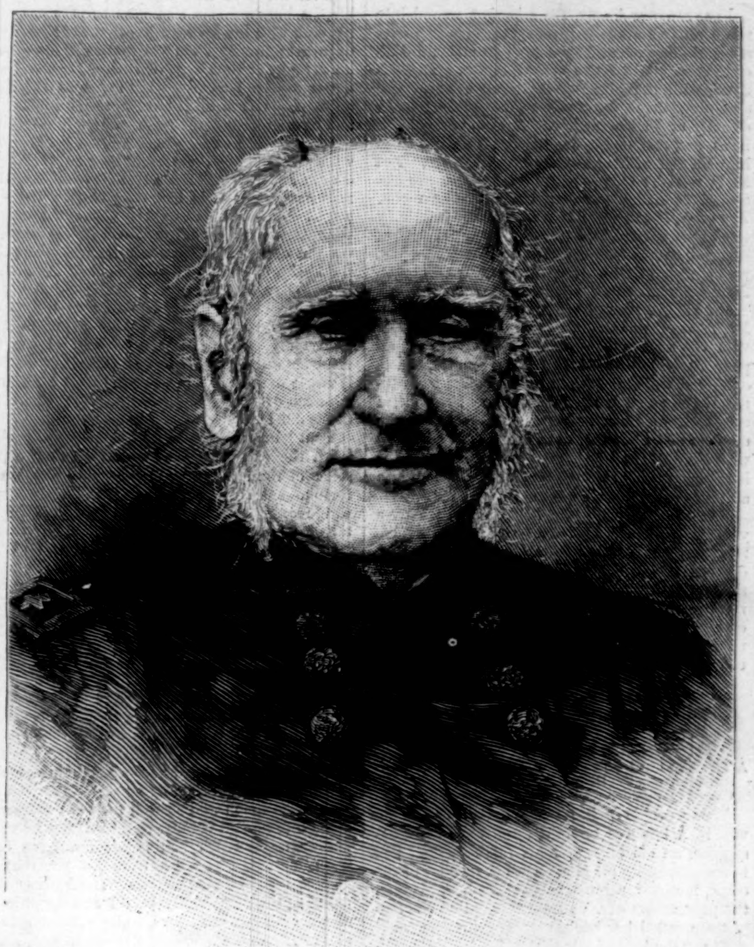


THE HON. CLARKSON N. POTTER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. WUNDER.—[SEE PAGE 71.]



GENERAL SILAS CASEY, U. S. A.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 75.]

THE GUITEAU TRIAL—THE JURY IN THEIR ROOM.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 75.]

PLANTAGENET TROTT AND HIS DOGS.

Plantagenet Trott, Esq., having moved into the country, hired the privilege of shooting over a certain district, and applied to an eminent dealer to send him a setter and a pointer. They arrived, with the highest recommendations. The first night they treat him to a prolonged serenade, directly under his window. Again and again he leans out, and endeavors to coax or scold them into silence, without any success whatever. But he is not the only one whose slumbers are disturbed by their discordant baying at the moon. The cook, in the room above, rendered frantic by the howling, combined with Mr. Trott's shouts, at last launches out the contents of a water jug, which, although intended for the dogs, light on the head of that unfortunate gentleman.

Notwithstanding the discomforts of the night, Mr. Trott rises betimes. He tries the setter first, with the results shown in our illustrations on page 76. He then sends for the pointer, and is delighted with his steady pointing, but unfortunately the game is not of a kind which hunters care to bag. Soon afterward Mr. Trott has the misfortune to stumble over a fence, in company with his dogs, and to break his spectacles. This is unlucky, as his short-sightedness leads him into a disagreeable misadventure.

Rambling through the fields, he mistakes a young pig for a large hare. Greatly to his dismay, his successful shot is followed by a furious charge from the enraged mother of his victim, which compels him to drop his gun and run for dear life. He afterward explained that, owing doubtless to his defective vision, the creature appeared to have assumed the dimensions of a rhinoceros.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

A Terrific Threat.—The Crown Jewels of France.—Illustrators and the Illustrated.—A Wedding Jest.—A Chancery Wonder.—The late Grenville Murray.

What people police magistrates have to do with! A boy was brought up last week for assaulting an old lady, and his mother's bail was taken as security for him. On her way out of the court, however, the reproaches she heaped upon the prosecution were so tremendous that the magistrate called her back, affirming that he could not take the bail of a lady who had so little self-control. Whereupon she turned to the complainant, and delivered herself with intense vehemence of this "dramatic fragment": "This very night I will commit suicide through you, and will haunt you and torment you for the rest of your life." I pity the prosecution, but above all I pity the prisoner's mother's husband.

The crown jewels of France are about to come to the hammer, the various proprietors having lost their interest in them. I suppose the Comte de Chambord will buy them upon spec. Among them is the diamond taken from the body of Charles the Bold after the battle of Nancy, and swallowed (for safety) by so faithful a retainer that he kept it for a quarter of a century. He was valued after death even more highly than Mr. Stewart, of New York, or the Earl of Crawford and Balcarras. There are other diamonds estimated at twelve millions of francs. But the price set on jewels is a fancy one; their worth is what they will fetch. My own impression is, they will go cheap, though in this case there is a historical as well as an intrinsic value attaching to them. Great surprise has been expressed at the enormous sum—£60,000—at which the jewels lately stolen from Lady Trevor have been appraised. "Who," it is said, "can afford to let so much money lie dead, can lose £3000 a year in ornaments?" But the fact is, I believe, that they could not be sold. They were heirlooms. Gambetta, by-the-way, who has a glass eye, is said by the wits of Paris to have his other one upon the Sancy diamond, which he means to buy, and wear as an *œil de gala*.

Of late years there has sprung up a curious kind of antagonism between authors and artists, arising from the growing custom of illustrating novels. It has been stated that no novelist has ever been quite satisfied with what the pencil has done for the offspring of his pen, with one exception, that of Mr. Fritti's Dolly Varden, which Dickens pronounced to exactly embody his own idea of that pleasant young woman. The artist naturally looks out for what is picturesque in the story he has to illustrate, and when he doesn't find it, he "takes and makes it." A popular writer once found the lawyer of his story, whom he had described in his proper cobweb, the office, delineated in a garden, drawing up the most important deeds *al fresco* close to a young party at tennis. The artist affirmed that such a position "lent itself to the purposes of illustration" much better than the view the author had taken of his subject. In old days the artist had it all his own way. As a rule, it was only short stories, or still more frequently verses, in the *Keepsake* or other annuals, which were illustrated, and the pictures were drawn first, and the stories or the verses written up (or down) to them. By a curious inversion of the proprieties, the letter-press illustrated the pictures. Even now a good many of our pictorial Christmas numbers are produced in this way, literature being the handmaid, or rather the unwilling slave, of art. This naturally causes a good deal of angry feeling among the men of letters, though not, I hope, such a tornado of passion as was aroused—for I was a witness of it—by the wood-cut of the Arcadian lawyer. I feel confident it must have been something of *that* kind which induced the "lady authoress" (brought to my notice last week for the first time by the police report of her case) to persecute the artist in Piccadilly so bitterly. She was charged with putting advertisements in the newspapers referring all sorts of people in want of situations to the unfortunate man's house—to-day fifty governesses, to-morrow as many secretaries, the next day an array of housekeepers; eventually she hired a hundred sandwich-men to parade before his door with the information that his studio was open gratuitously from ten to four. Everybody is seeking for the cause of such malignity, but I flatter myself I have put my finger on the right spot. The victim must have been her illustrator, and have placed some lawyer of hers in a garden.

One of the most humorous speeches I ever met with was made by the present Sir Stafford Northcote at a wedding. The Right Honorable gentleman has more fun in him than is generally supposed, and is droll in his treatment of a certain personal defect of his own—short-sightedness. On the occasion in question he was proposing the health of a young bridegroom. "As I stand here to-day," he said, "I recall my own sensations thirty years ago. I picture to myself my beaming bride, and the wedding guests that graced my own wedding ceremony. I see the carriage waiting at the door, in which my darling is about to step, and my heart is once more filled with the overpowering thought, 'Now where the deuce did I leave my hat?'"

That "hushed amaze" which is only excited (with the exception of fire-works and the presence of royalty) by the unexpected accession of fortune has seized the good folks of Hexham, where a woodman has suddenly inherited a quarter of a million sterling. The chain of circumstances by which it comes to him is so bewildering that I forbear to state it, but what amazes *me* is that, since the estate has been "in the custody of the Court of Chancery for one hundred and thirty-eight years," there is anything left of it.

It is strange to think how quietly some of those who have made the greatest noise in the world will go out of it. A short paragraph in the *Times* last week, with a hint at his frequent contributions to periodical literature, was all that was devoted to the name of Grenville Murray, whose proceedings once filled several columns of that organ. There is probably no man alive who has written so much and so well for the newspapers as he did, though it must be added that he wrote many things which had better not have been written. The first work from his pen that attracted public attention was "The Roving Englishman," an admirably bright and graphic description of foreign travel, which appeared in serial in *Household Words*. At that time Mr. Murray filled a diplomatic appointment at Constantinople, which gave him a "study" of his chief as Sir Hector Stubble. There was a romance about his life which tinged it with bitterness. A natural son of a certain English duke, it is generally understood that for years he had been brought up in the belief of his own legitimacy, and that the discovery of the truth galled his nature. At all events, he attacked with venomous persistence that aristocracy of which he knew a great deal more than most radical writers. He started a journal, the *Queen's Messenger*, expressly to expose them, and that paper, though personal and offensive in its tone, contained perhaps the most powerful examples of invective, not excepting the *Letters of Junius*, in the English language. The end of it all was a sensation trial, in which certain documents were the cause of a personal combat between Mr. Grenville Murray's friends and his prosecutors on the floor of a London police-court and the outlawry of Mr. Grenville Murray himself. From that time he pursued the profession of littérateur and journalist in Paris. His contributions to almost every important London newspaper and magazine were incessant. For the *Cornhill* he wrote "Young Brown," of which the less that is said the better, and "French Sketches in English Chalk," which can scarcely be too highly commended. His best novel, however, was beyond doubt the *Member for Paris*, which moreover showed a more intimate acquaintance with French political and social life than has probably been possessed by any Englishman. The *Boudoir Cabal* was also full of talent. But it was in his short stories, turned out with the regularity and rapidity of newspaper leaders, that he chiefly excelled. It was generally understood that the "queer stories" that appeared *every week* in *Truth* were from his fertile pen. Though his presence has not been known in it for years, his absence will be greatly missed from the world of journalism.

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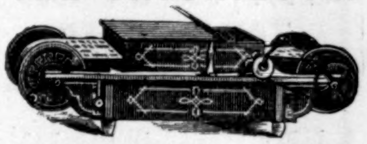

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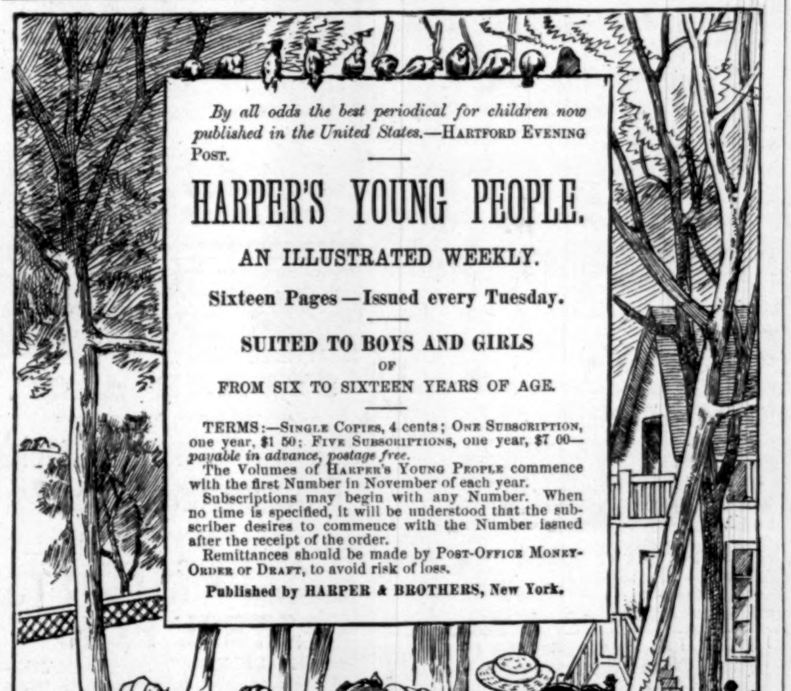

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